

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1849.

RURAL AMUSEMENT.

SUCH, reader, is the title of our engraving for November, which was executed by Mr. F. E. Jones, of New York, from an original design by Sir Thos. Lawrence.

It is now quite generally acknowledged, even by philosophers, that men require some manner of amusement to maintain the elasticity of both mind and body, since a constant tension of either the intellectual or physical faculties will end in premature decay. But, with a frank confession to the justice of this principle, we are bound to raise our voice against a class of amusements, which, though not fully represented, are indicated in our picture for this month. We present the plate for the very purpose of furnishing us with an opportunity of saying what we have to say about them.

Man is a physical, an intellectual, and a moral being; and there are recreations, within the reach of nearly every living member of the race, corresponding to this division of our powers. The physical relaxations, however, in addition to giving strength and tone to our bodies, should, also, have an intellectual and moral bearing; and those founded on the latter elements of our nature should have no tendency to enervate the vigor of our material frames.

Now, though we cannot deny that the exercise of sporting with a veritable John Donkey may improve our physical strength, we nevertheless know, even without experience, that it must exert upon youthful minds an influence too low for the high wants of immortal man. Indeed, the practice becoming so common, of providing cats, dogs, and donkeys for our children to play with, and allowing them to make these their associates for every day of a series of their most impressionable years, is likely to impart to the next generation a cat, dog, and donkey taste, which is destined to be felt in every walk of life.

It is true enough, nothing is more humane than the cultivation, in our offspring, of kindness of feeling toward the brute creation; and this may be done most effectually by permitting them to exercise such feelings upon the lower animals, in a proper way, in the period of youth; but, to allow them to live with brutes habitually, to cultivate a

familiarity with them, is to let them down, more or less, to their level. It is well enough for a father, who keeps domestic animals, occasionally to take his youthful son with him to the field, and show him his herds and his flocks; he may, also, not only without danger, but with profit, encourage the lad to caress those of them whose tameness will admit of such attentions. Some of the purest and choicest recollections of childhood, in the memories of thousands of the best of men, recall the little pastoral scenes of home, when, many long years before, they stroked the mane of the gentle colt, and frolicked after the lamb in the field. These and other animals, indeed, help make up the *dramatis personæ* of many of those little dramas of childhood, which, in spite of the severity or dullness of our later life, will often repeat themselves, under the magic influence of memory, upon the mimic theatre of the soul.

Still, with all these concessions, and with every concession that can be demanded, the practice referred to, and here represented, is debasing to a youthful mind. With our present feelings upon this subject, we could never permit a child of ours to have a pet-horse, a pet-cat, a pet-dog, or any other pet-brute, if the condition were, as it would be almost necessarily, that he should spend with such pet the larger and better part of many of his best days.

This practice, however, bad as it is, is dignified in comparison with another of the same kind. We refer to the fashion among those who would be styled ladies, of devoting a great share of every day to the feeding, and nursing, and watching, and carrying about with them, a hairy little puppy, whose sleeping, and gaping, and barking—and barking, and gaping, and sleeping—of which his puppyish little life is composed, must furnish a lofty intellectual nutriment to their souls! And yet, these same precious ladies affect to look down upon their humbler sisters, who, they think, have not the taste or the means to lead them to the breeding and breaking of these dogs! Bless you, reader! we would no more live with, much less set our affections upon, one of these dog-raising ladies, than with and upon the very dogs themselves!

GENIUS AND SOME OF ITS ABUSES.

BY JOSEPH E. DUGERTON.

THOSE extraordinary endowments of mind which earn for their possessor the rank of genius, are comparatively so rare, that, when they exist, they do not fail to command a high degree of admiration and deference. They seem to arrogate a prerogative of distinction that few are disposed to controvert.

Whether the honors paid to genius have always been just and of good effect, is a question that will admit of doubt. That one of their results has been to deprive the world of the labors of much useful talent, I am constrained to believe. The admiration which ever attends the manifestation of superior powers of mind, is most strongly felt in youth, when ambition and hope begin to swell the breasts of the ardent and aspiring, and they pant for fame in the pursuits congenial to liberal and elevated minds. The fame which follows the efforts of triumphant genius, is, to their imaginations, invested with a glory that, like prophetic visions, wraps their souls. Immature in judgment, and unacquainted with the powers of their own minds, and mistaking the ardent feelings of youth for the inspiration of genius, many fancy themselves of the favored few, that can overleap the barriers that beset the way of common minds, and attain at once the honors and rewards which belong alone to true genius and untiring, persevering labor. The disappointments attending such premature and misguided hopes, oftentimes produce a reaction from which there is no recovery. Failing to reach the crown of fame by that royal road their imaginations have built up, the disappointed have not the inclination, or courage, or perseverance, to try that humble but surer path, where move the slow but ever-progressing feet of labor. Indifference settles down upon the intellectual powers, and talents, which the world might have honored as useful servants, are buried in the bosoms of their possessors, and bear no fruit. We are of opinion, that the superior honors paid to the efforts of genius, as contrasted with the labor of humbler talents, sometimes lead to these and kindred results; but this is a point that we do not intend to more than glance at on the present occasion.

There appears to be no difference of opinion, among those who have discussed the subject, as to what it is that constitutes genius. It is agreed that its prime element consists in invention, or original creative intellectual power, differing, of course, in degree, as suits the character of the subjects to which it is applied. It is, also, we believe, not denied that genius is an endowment of nature, not an acquisition of art or industry, though susceptible of indefinite cultivation by means of both. The mere possession of genius, therefore, is no more a merit, than is wealth or rank in the man who has inherited either from his ancestors. It is in its moral qualities, and the improvement and application of

its superior powers, that the true merit of genius consists. While it may be unnatural, and, consequently, difficult for us to restrain the admiration called forth by the efforts of great powers of mind, it should never be permitted to carry us so far, as to cause us to lose sight of the moral standards of human conduct, by which the actions of men of genius, in common with those of inferior minds, are to be tested; or to cause us to despise or neglect those humbler minds, which, by patient efforts, strive to develop all their resources, and accomplish good in the world.

It would be to arraign the Divine attributes, to suppose that any extraordinary powers of mind are conferred on men, which are not susceptible of being, or intended to be exercised for the best interests of mankind. The errors and misdeeds of men of genius—instances of which are not rare—lie at their own doors, and are deserving of the more censure, because of their superior position and abilities. We would be reluctant to admit, that genius has any prerogative to do wrong, or that there is any thing in its nature, which exempts its possessor from moral accountability. Nor are we disposed to go so far as some do in excusing what they are pleased to call the eccentricities or oddities of genius. Such peculiarities, if not always affected, are in most cases acquired, and may be eradicated. Were there more of a disposition manifested to hold genius to a strict accountability in regard to all the proprieties of life, even in their minutiae, we think less would be seen and heard of the “oddities of genius.” We would not, however, be disposed to censure men for those habits which may have been produced by mental or physical causes beyond their control. There was much to cause pain and regret, but little of censure, in some of the habits of the pure and gifted but most-afflicted Cowper. What would be moral turpitude in a man of humble talents, cannot be less so because invested with the glory which surrounds the name of a Shakspeare or a Milton.

While truths so trite as these would not, in all probability, be openly denied by the warmest admirer of genius, it is, nevertheless, not unusual, and it may be said, with truth, perhaps, not unfashionable, to cover up the moral characters of eminent men from the public eye, and to admit excuses for their errors of conduct and principle, which would not be received as valid at the tribunal of impartial justice that tries the characters of ordinary men.

Few men of genius, how greatly soever they may have abused the splendid gifts which God has bestowed upon them, and how desolating soever the career they have run, have been without their eulogists, or, at least, their apologists. The lawless ambition, the heartless selfishness, and calculating inhumanity of Bonaparte, have not prevented many, not only of his own countrymen, but of other nations, from bestowing upon him the most enthusiastic approbation and praise. The misanthropic

immorality of the life and writings of Byron has not deprived him of worshipers, nor taken away the zest with which all recorded reminiscences of his sayings and doings have been received: on the contrary, his poetry and his principles, his intellectual and social habits, and even the style of his dress, have been objects of imitation with many ardent admirers. The Heaven-defying infidelity and social heresies of Shelley, have not the less deterred his biographers from holding him up to the world as an example of all that was exalted in genius, and pure, benevolent, and amiable, in human character. Recent works have appeared in England, written by his personal friends, in which the well-nigh insane ravings of that gifted but erring and unhappy poet, are sought to be invested almost with the character of Divine inspiration.

Give to a man but the fame of genius, and, no matter how dark his moral conduct, he fails not to command the admiration of many, and free access to all whose tastes or curiosity prompt them to follow the path in which he moves. No stronger arguments than facts such as these are needed to show the dangerous and corrupting power of misguided and misapplied abilities, and the necessity of guarding inexperienced and undisciplined minds from the influence of their bad principles and examples.

Of all upon whom God has bestowed genius, there are none whose power for good or evil, and whose consequent responsibilities are greater, than those whose abilities enable them to form or influence the character of the literature of their age or country; not only individual mind, but the character of the national mind itself, receives the impress of their powers.

Those peculiar talents which fit men for great achievements in war, or the exercise of extended political power, are temporary in their results. Their influence upon the moral and intellectual characters of men, can hardly be traced beyond the age in which they lived; but the man of great and original powers as a writer, possesses an empire which is limited only by the limits of the world of letters, and extends through all time. He is the companion of the minds of men in their most thoughtful moments, when all other influences are shut out. He is present in all places and at all times. He at one moment addresses vast multitudes, not wrought upon by the excitement which attends assembled throngs of men, but possessed of the calmness of those quiet hours, when friend holds converse with friend, or the mind holds converse with itself. The influence that he exerts is not trifling or transitory. It attaches itself to the principles, the habits, the conduct of the man, and follows him throughout his life. It entwines itself with all the relations of social life, and affects, in no small degree, the character and prosperity of empires, and the destiny of the world.

Unfortunately, authors possessed of brilliant powers, are not always those in whom sound judgment

and unswerving moral rectitude most largely predominate. Their principles or morals will more or less be infused into their writings. They are not, therefore, in all cases, the best models, nor the surest guides, nor should their revelations be received, like the incoherent ravings of the Delphic oracle, with blind reverence and superstitious belief. While God has bestowed on genius superior powers of apprehending and communicating truth, he has not withheld from humble minds access to those great cardinal principles of truth and virtue which form the standards of human conduct. Genius may oftentimes glare upon the astonished vision of the world with a light that

"Leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind."

The powers of wit, and eloquence, and song, the painter's and the sculptor's skill, unguided and uninfluenced by truth and virtue, and abandoning the path in which they were designed to move, may all be combined in the service of the spirit of evil.

Ever active in his schemes to draw away mankind from virtue and from God, that untiring spirit has been able to enlist in his service the powers of genius, and by their creations to approach the human mind through its higher tastes and faculties. Refined, cultivated, imaginative minds are no longer assailed by Vice in coarse and vulgar attire—she is no longer

"A monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;"

she assumes the most alluring features; she breathes upon the canvas of the artist, and it glows with the most ravishing forms of sensual beauty; she touches the creations of the sculptor, and even from their faultless proportions the soul drinks in "her leprous distillments." Enlisted in her cause, the bard, whose heart is full of the wildest and worst of earth-born passions, may wake the lyre to notes of divinest harmony, until "the nations hear entranced." The pen of genius creates a fictitious world, peopling it with every thing that is beautiful and alluring but God, and truth, and virtue; realizing that ideal of perfection in which the imagination, unrestrained by divine truth, delights to revel; and unwary and misguided minds, like Tasso's Rinaldo, enchain'd by the magic delights of the Isles of Fortune, become so enraptured with its fancied joys, that they lose all capability and taste for the truths and duties of real life.

When such assailants cross the pathway of youth, Virtue needs to put on all her armor, such are now the foes with which she has to contend; the powers of genius are arrayed against her; and never were keener or more polished weapons, or more skillful strokes dealt upon her war-worn, dinted shield.

It cannot be concealed, that attempts are being made, by no mean antagonists, to corrupt, and render subservient to unholy purposes, the literature of the age, that mighty engine of power in all that pertains to the interests of religion, and the true glory of nations. These attempts are more especially made upon that important branch of literature

which is addressed to the imagination and passions of men. Infidelity, with cunning sagacity, has abandoned its old and defeated system of tactics. It rarely now employs the elaborate treatise, the solemn argument, to pervert the faith and morals of men. With better prospect of success, it resorts to the lighter but more effectual powers of poetry and romance. Through them an influence is brought to bear more potent than the voice of eloquence, or the arm of civil power. These, when arrayed against truth and virtue, may reach and control a few minds; but when poison touches the books, the literature of a people, the fountains of their education, it may reach, in its deadly effects, every home and every heart.

A great crisis in the literary and moral world has arrived. The press groans with the polluted offspring of polluted minds. The land is full of them. Their defiling presence and poisonous breath are everywhere. In view of this state of things, we are constrained to ask, Is there no power in the pulpit, in the press, in the world of letters, to array public opinion against these dangers which beset our youth? Can public Virtue fold her arms while her foe is sapping the foundations of her power, and laying waste all her fair domains? Are there no men of might who will arise and tear the veil from unholy genius, and strip it of its undeserved honors, its tinsel, and its glare? Who will teach aspiring youth in what true fame, and honor, and happiness, consist? Who will dignify and ennable the pursuits of virtuous labor, and vindicate dishonored literature?

There can be no effectual remedy which does not contemplate the entire expurgation from every household of the unprincipled writings of the day. No wise parent, trusting to the good health and hardy constitution of his child, would permit him to take a poisonous draught, however disguised with sweets and pleasant to the taste it might be. The analogy holds good in reference to those intellectual poisons so cunningly and temptingly prepared as to have a deadly power upon the soul. It is the height of folly to place such dangers in the way of youth, trusting to their good health and strength of moral constitution to counteract the evil principle they contain.

While a firm and decided course on the part of the intelligent and influential, would have a great effect, by discountenancing the pernicious literature of the day to stop that demand for it, which feeds the cupidity of its authors and publishers, it would be but limited in its results; a deeper and more thorough work is to be done.

To know the true remedy for the evil to which we allude, we must enter the mind itself, and ascertain what are the weak points that are assailed, and shape our course accordingly. The appeals of vice are rarely made to the reason, the judgment, the virtue of men. It is to the imagination, the passions, the most easily corrupted of all the faculties of man, that her efforts are addressed. Just

so far, then, as reason, disciplined into soundness of judgment, and pure principles of virtue exist in the mind, so far is it fortified. It is upon these mainly that the imagination and the passions lean for support; and when these defenders are weak or wanting, they fall almost without a struggle. Whatever, then, strengthens the reasoning powers, and gives to the judgment predominance over the imagination—whatever fixes in the mind the principles of truth and virtue as the standard for the government of all its thoughts, and purposes, and acts, enables the mind to resist the assaults of evil in whatever form they may approach, or how powerfully soever the genius that may lead them. These considerations point to education as the true defense against the dangerous effects of the corrupt literature of the age; not that meager course of instruction and training dignified with the name of education, which is all that too many of the unfortunate youth of our country and age have to depend upon in their conflicts with the evils of life, but that enlarged and comprehensive system of education, which, based upon just views of the nature, the powers, and the destiny of the human mind, gives to each intellectual faculty its proper position and training, and to the moral nature the shield which a thorough knowledge and conviction of the truths of Christianity alone can furnish.

In confirmation of the truths here presented, we need but allude to the fact, that those upon whom the spurious literature of the day has its most powerful and marked effects—those, in truth, who have the most influence in its production, are not the matured, the disciplined, the well-principled minds, that firmly grasp and master the great truths of science, and religion, and morals—that develop and maintain the principles upon which rest the good order and prosperity of society. Against the panoply of such, error spends its force in vain. Its victims are the young, the uneducated, or improperly educated—the minds in which imagination and passion have been cultivated and indulged at the expense of reason and religious truth.

That Providence has permitted the powers of genius to be so abused as they have been by some writers of the present age, can hardly be urged as an excuse for their delinquencies, or an argument against his wisdom or justice. That he will ultimately vindicate his attributes in respect to them, cannot well be doubted. In fact, the proofs are not wanting, in many instances, to vindicate them now. Passing by many eminent examples that might be mentioned, if we consider the lives of two writers in our own language who have been already named, whose poetical genius has rendered them illustrious, we will find such proofs. In the career and end of Byron and of Shelley, whose errors and vices were as conspicuous as their genius, the moral law and Divine justice have been fully vindicated.

In both we see the influence of a false education and pernicious parental example, in perverting to purposes of evil, powers whose splendor even in

their ruins astonished the world. In the history of both, we are taught how inadequate are birth, wealth, and fame, to minister to the wants of minds diseased. Both died in youth. Byron almost literally

"Repined, and groaned, and withered from the earth." In the fate of the unhappy Shelley, so terrible and so sudden, the heart of humanity would fain forget his many errors, to indulge the hope that, amid the wild roar of waters, and the raging of the storm, those fearful manifestations of Divine power which attended his last hours, a brighter and a purer light than his deluded imagination had followed, shone upon his soul.*

In the remarks we have presented, we feel that we have but touched upon a theme of intense interest and importance. We would hope that abler hands may take it up, and do it that justice, in all its bearings, which the cause of letters and good morals demand.

UNSEEN SPIRITS.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

THEY are round us—they are round us
When a cloud is o'er our way—
When a chain to earth has bound us,
And we struggle to be free.

They are with us when in anguish
Wearily the spirit droops—
When oppressed with grief we languish,
Sick of all earth's cheating hopes.

With us in the hour of gladness,
When the world is strangely bright—
With us in the time of sadness,
When there's nothing to delight—

With us when we pass the portals
Of the spirit-land above;
Even then these bright immortals
Shall attend with words of love.

Blessed spirits! hover near us—
Ever near us on life's way;
On your faithful pinions bear us
To the world of endless day.

Faithful guardians! teach, O teach us
To improve the blessings given—
Teach us how to bear life's trials—
How to reach your own bright heaven!

* It is probably known to most readers, that Shelley perished, the victim of his own temerity, in a fearful storm at sea, on his passage, in an open boat, from Leghorn to Serici. No Christian burial honored the remains of the unhappy poet; being thrown upon the coast, they were, under its quarantine laws, reduced to ashes.

MISCELLANIA.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

A FANTASY.

How strangely the ideal becomes sometimes involved in the history of the past, and there come up before us images long since faded away! With what power the mind concentrates all its thoughts to one focus, and throws into strong light, or deep shadow, the prominent points of its past history! Pictures of beauty once formed on the tablet of the soul, though dimmed by dust, and covered up by the accumulated lumber of years, are again brought out and restored with all their colors fresh and fair, and all their lineaments distinct as when first drawn.

Not long since, I lay on my bed, sick of fever. Without, it was a lovely summer day, but within my darkened chamber there shone only a faint twilight through the drawn curtains. The sounds of nature, however, could not be shut out. A turelf bird, as I verily believed from my native bower on the Atlantic hill, came and sung by my window. At early morning, at high noon, at evening twilight, and even during the most of the night, that bird sat on the willow tree, and sung the song I had not heard since I left my childhood's home. By my bed sat my child—my lovely, my only daughter—watching, with eye of love and heart of sympathy, my every movement. My brain was fevered, and my nerves excited, and there passed before me one of those moving panoramas of memory, which, when they occur, as they sometimes do, occasion new and startling conceptions of our mental nature.

The magic curtain was raised. Dim and shadowy, mellowed and softened by the haze of time, there appeared a landscape of hills, and dark evergreen plains, and sandy beach. The base of the hills was incessantly dashed by the restless waves of ocean, the long stretch of beach washed by the ever-returning surf, and the plains decked with cones of dark green fir, and bowers of clustering pines. Just over the bay of bright waters rose a beautiful city, with its spires glistening in the morning sun, from which pealed forth on the Sabbath, and often at evening, the chimes of Church-going bell. Far beyond the city, there lay, stretching away interminably to the north, and seeming as if clothed with light drapery, the magnificent range of the White Mountains. Myself was a child again, now reclining of a fine spring morning amidst a profusion of wild flowers on the hillside, with a little motherless lamb for my playmate, and now listening to the softened sounds coming from the city, and now again looking at the mountains, and wondering what fairy land might repose in beauty beyond them, or gazing at the ocean covered with white sail, and often dashing with feathered spray.

The magic scene moved on. In the interior of

my native state, lay a quiet and sequestered region—a landscape of rocky hills and sandy plains. In the bosom of a valley, encircled by hills, rose an old farm-house. Before the door flowed a living stream, fed by perennial springs, and deeply shaded in its quiet nooks by trees and shrubbery. In one of those sequestered dells by the streamlet side, was the rustic bower of prayer. Away over the pastures and meadows, by a meandering foot-path, was the old school-house, and near it a capacious old Church. It was a moonlight, autumn evening. Myself, with several school companions, had been some miles away to the scene of a revival. We had accompanied the converts to the banks of a noble river, the Androscoggins of the east, and seen them kneel on the shore, while the man of God poured on their brow the water of baptism, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. We had returned serious and anxious, and had stopped on our way at the bower of prayer by the brook, and were in the old church at the altar kneeling in penitence. The man of God, with long white locks, and a voice sweet as the *Æolian* lyre, with his hand on my head, was praying for me. The prayer was ended, the song of praise was begun, when I arose from my knees a new creature. The world to me had never seemed so beautiful. The human face had never seemed so angelic. The human voice had never sounded so like the lutes of heaven. O, the ecstasy—the enraptured bliss—the holy delight of that happy hour!

The magic scene moved on. Another landscape rose before me—craggy hills, covered to their summit with dense and dark forests; magnificent mountains, with rocks piled on rocks, so high that the passing summer cloud was rent by their peaks; gloomy ravines and deep glens, down whose dizzy sides no rash foot might venture, and a rapid river rushing along over its pebbly bed. The man of God, a tall, slim, old man, with a rude exterior, but a mind of the highest order, stored with knowledge and sound sense, came along with saddle-bags full of books to read as he rode up the valley, and stopped at the house of my temporary abode.

"William," said he, "what are you doing here?"

"I spent the last winter on the summit of that mountain, cutting timber, to be snaked down to the river to build the Avon bridge, and during the summer I have been engaged clearing and cropping a new farm for my employer."

"What kind of a gang of hands have been at work with you?"

"Rather a rough company, irreligious and profane."

"Do you enjoy this kind of life, William?"

"Surely I do not; I am extremely discontented and unhappy."

"You are not over seventeen, and you ought to go to school more yet."

"Nothing would be more agreeable to me than the privilege of going to school. I have very little education. I have been trying to accumulate a

few dollars to pay my expenses one quarter at the academy."

"How much have you now?"

"Not over twelve dollars."

"Did you know the Methodists had an academy at New Market, in the state of New Hampshire?"

"No, I had not heard of it."

"Well, gather up your twelve dollars, and start right off for the Methodist academy at New Market; and here, I will give you license to exhort, and write it now. God designed you for something, and it may be for a preacher. Try it; and if that be not your calling, Providence will show you what is."

The magic scene moved on. On foot and alone, with a small bundle of clothing on my shoulder, and *twelve* dollars in my pocket, I was traveling a long and weary way, over high hills, and down deep valleys, and along sandy plains, and across great rivers. Sometimes the passage would seem impassable, from a rugged mountain lying in the distance directly across my path. But as I proceeded, the road would gently wind around the base of the mountain, along a beautiful valley, watered by a fine stream. My way, I thought, was an emblem of life's journey to him who trusts in Providence. The mountain region gradually disappeared beneath the horizon, and there lay before me a gently-undulating country, watered by the Saco, the Mousam, the Piscataqua, and the Merrimack. I passed, a stranger, through many villages I had never seen, nor heard of before, and late one Saturday night arrived in the neighborhood of New Market. Sabbath morning came, lovely and beautiful. It was a fine, New England, September morning. I learned that some mile or two on the way stood an old church in which religious service was held. I sauntered along toward the place, and came to the house. It was located alone on the summit of a lofty hill. Its spire went up, up, up, until the vane on its top looked like an insect in mid air. The door of the church was open, and I entered. Nobody was there. The pews were square pens. The walls of the pews were higher than the heads of the people when seated, so that the congregation had to look at each other through the chair-railing work of the pews. The pulpit was perched up at a dizzy height above the floor. Over the preacher's head was a queer-shaped article, called a sounding-board. There were lofty galleries on three sides of the house, all comparted off into the square pews. Finding nobody in the house, I went into the gallery, and took possession of one of the most out-of-the-way pews, and sat down, watching to see what would come.

First came the sexton, and pulled away on the rope, and rang the powerful-toned bell, shaking the whole house. Then came about a dozen young people, with a very old and prodigious large bass-viol, a very small and young-looking fiddle, and a flute, and took possession of the seats in the gallery opposite the pulpit, and went to tuning up for a sing. Next came the people by families—father, mother, children, and maiden aunts—and walked

with much dignity up the aisles, and entered, with great ceremony and show of politeness, the pen-looking pews. When all were seated, some faced, some sided, and others backed the pulpit. Last of all came the preacher. He passed up the broad aisle, ascended the winding pulpit stairs, and stood erect in the desk. A more commanding and venerable form I thought I had never seen. His head was silver white, his countenance glowing with health, his eye beaming with intelligence, and on his lip played a cheerful smile. His voice was deep-toned and melodious. The sermon was powerful and eloquent. Under the musical tones of the aged preacher, I forgot all about the hoarse bass-viol, creaking fiddle, and discordant choir. Amidst his logical arguments, and surpassing flights of eloquence, I forgot the fatigue of my long and dreary journey.

I thought I might venture to call the next day, and introduce myself to a man of so much goodness of heart as his appearance and discourse indicated. Nor was I disappointed. I told him I was a stranger, come from a long distance to pick up a little learning at the Methodist academy of the neighboring village. "You are right welcome," said he, "young man—right welcome among us. I will go myself with you to the village, and introduce you to the family of one of my special friends, and to the Preceptor of the academy. And here is my library, large and well-selected. To any book in it you are welcome. Make yourself at home with us, and we will do you all the good in our power."

The magic scene moved on. There glided swiftly by, on the moving canvas, the lovely vale of New Market, with its academy, its quiet flowing river, and its band of youthful friends and scholastic associates. Next came the plain of Brunswick, with its pile of college buildings, its pine woods, its romantic river, and all the associations of college life. Then passed before me the neat little village church, before whose altar I stood, with a fair young girl by my side, while the minister of God was pronouncing over us those mystic words of holy import, which bind man and woman by a spell that no enchanters wand may break.

After this rose a landscape more lovely than the vale of Cashmere. I stood on a lofty green hill. From any part of its long and rolling ridge, might the eye glance over a various and distant landscape. On the north, some sixty miles distant, lay a range of mountains, stretching away from the sources of the Connecticut, along the head waters of the Androscoggin, the Kennebec, the Penobscot, and the St. Johns, to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The range was greatly varied by lofty peaks, long stretches of table land, and deep indentations, which, on nearer view, would prove to be dark and precipitous ravines. From the wildest glens of the mountains, rose a fine, rapid river, which flowed along a romantic valley, inclosed on each side by hills, uniformly inaccessible on the south side, but on the north gently and gradually rising, and covered with

farms to the very top. The river might be seen for a great distance, flowing along its narrow valley; then turning abruptly to the east, and flowing over a plain, it fell into the Kennebec, which, with its numerous and flourishing villages, might be seen from our hill, bearing on its bosom the light sail and noble steamer. On the west, far away, and high over all intervening hills, might be seen the summit of Mt. Washington, covered, winter and summer, with its robe of dazzling white. On the south, along a chain of lakes, far as vision could extend, appeared a fair, soft, mellow landscape, always looking as if bathed in summer light. On the hillside, surrounded by green trees and flowering shrubbery, stood a neat, white, New England cottage. I saw the green grass plot, whose velvety sod was once lightly tripped over by the soft foot-steps of my little children. I saw, running from the gate to meet me on my way, with arms open and lips ready disposed for a kiss, my little daughter. On the very summit of the hill stood the church, at whose altar my children had been dedicated to God in holy baptism. Near the church stood the academy. I entered its halls, and stood again in the little chapel. Then there came up before me a long procession of familiar faces—a procession of young men and fair maidens. They came

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the vales
In Vallowbrosa."

They came up from the sunny south, and down from the frozen north. They came from Africa and from Oregon, from India and from Brazil. They came back from the grave; one over whose remains Ocean had breathed her full-drawn requiem, and another over whose grave, on the distant prairie, the winds of winter had whistled the only dirge, appeared again, and passed before me robust in health, and smiling in beauty. They passed before me—the long procession passed—my pupils—my loved ones—the young and the beautiful.

The magic scene moved on. Before me rose again the sea-girted landscape of early home, followed in quick succession by that around the old church in the interior, the mountain land of youth, the vale of New Market, the plain of Brunswick, and the hill of the Kennebec. There followed another still, a fairer land of woodland and prairie, of gorgeous summers and mild winters, of flowers of every hue, and fruits of every variety. But over the whole scene, covering all the landscapes, had fallen the deep and dark shadows of the grave. They fell from the grave of the early friends of childhood, of the companions of youth, of the old minister of the mountain land, and of the noble and generous Brodhead, of the New Market vale. They fell from the grave of my classmates of academic life, and of my pupils of later years; and a deeper and darker shadow still fell on my heart. They fell on the landscape; they fell on my heart. Let the magic curtain fall. Pass the scene from my sight. I will look on it no more.

Raise the curtain once again. Raise not the curtain of the past, but of the future. I see another landscape, more beautiful than the paradise of Eden, though that were the garden of God, and though beneath

"Those lovely bowers a fountain fresh arose,
And from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrowned the cool and pleasant noontide bowers;
Groves, whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb were interposed.

Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was carried off; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired
Castalian spring, might with the paradise
Of Eden strive."

I see the paradise of heaven opening on the immortal vision with beauties such as earth never saw, nor heart of man conceived.

"I see the band of spirits bright
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear."

Then let the shadows gather over earth's landscapes—let the grave close over the young and the lovely, the aged and the venerable. The light which departs from the scenes of earth, will be gathered up and concentrated in that glorious land where no shadows fall.

THE E M B L E M .

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

As I gazed on the sky with its beauties untold,
A cloud, faintly tinged by the sun's setting ray,
With hues intermingled of crimson and gold,
Gently floated along on its light western way;
At first but a speck it appeared to the view,
Then expanded, enriched while approaching the
sun,
Till lost in its rays undistinguished in hue,
To my vision it seemed they were blended in one.

Blessed emblem, I thought, of the Christian bright!

As oft seen in the twilight of life's milder even,
Floating on till the beams from the centre of light
Transfuse through his soul the blest radiance of
heaven.

Thus illumined with a glory celestial and true,
Ever brightening as on toward the centre it sailed;
At length its effulgence is lost to the view
In the splendors surrounding the Godhead un-
veiled.

CHARLES WESLEY.

BY HARRIET J. MEKE.

I HAVE often wondered why the extraordinary family of the Wesleys have attracted so little of the world's attention—the *world*, with its taste for the strange, the adventurous—its boasted sympathy with beauty and misfortune. If the sisters of John Wesley had been called by any other name, the warmest eloquence and sweetest poetry of succeeding years would have stepped forth to record everlastingly their genius, loveliness, and suffering. And Charles Wesley—if he had not the living, heaven-born inspiration of poetry, where shall we look to find it? Yet the chroniclers of British poets and poetry, have almost invariably passed his mighty genius without notice, while many whose merits would suffer greatly in comparison, have borne off the palm of undying celebrity. Surely the world "loves its own," and he was not of the world.

The genius necessary to the composition of effective hymns, has always been reckoned a peculiar one. There is requisite a strength, a clearness, a vigor, a coming to the point at once, in which the generality of poets, with all their imaginativeness and sentimentality, would fail most signally. Wesley, happily, to his fervent, devotional spirit, united them all. The Methodist Hymn-Book, compiled chiefly from his writings, is a volume of poetry which has no equal where the English language prevails, if we may judge by the true criterion of poetry—the influence it has had over the human heart. The sentiments are so clear, that any *Christian* capacity can comprehend them, while their high poetry, and elegant composition, will furnish food to the finest intellect.

If Charles Wesley had devoted himself to the kind of poetry which is most popular, he would, doubtless, have ranked among our standard poets. He was a complete scholar—a natural satirist; his taste, formed on the severest classic models, was exquisitely refined, and his temperament poetic in every feature. But the vows of God were upon him; he had no time "to play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers." As he journeyed from place to place, about his Master's business, he clothed in language the overflowings of his fervent soul; and the millions of hearts, whose burdened desires they have wafted to God, and the millions which shall yet catch from them the flame of devotion, will be stars in his crown of rejoicing in the day of eternity.

Genius, under any circumstances, where it is known, will command, at least, the world's respect. It is the predominance of the spiritual over the material, the undying over the mortal—the bursting of the spirit's strange, incomprehensible light, through the bars that imprison it. It is generally supposed that those who are gifted with fine genius, especially of a poetic character, are necessarily unhappy; such a sentiment I noticed not

long since in the Ladies' Repository. But we cannot believe this to be the case. To be sure, the lays of some of our most admired poets, are only records of "the hollowness of fame," "the world's heartlessness," "brows aching beneath their laurels," &c.; but we will always find that those gifted ones did not honor God in their gifts, but toiled day and night for the world's homage, as though the respect and admiration of creatures who, with themselves, were passing like arrows through the air, could satisfy the yearnings of a spirit as undying as the Creator himself, and endowed with a double capability of enjoying or suffering throughout time and eternity. I have said a *double capability*; for the soul that is capable of enjoying the most exalted happiness in God, without him will be correspondingly wretched, its very refinement rendering it susceptible to the keenest misery.

But in genius *consecrated to God*, there is a loftiness, a grandeur, a superiority to the littleness of earthly things, which no taste can ever duly admire or appreciate, until the vail has been taken from the heart. Here it has full scope—here it finds the stream to allay "the burning thirst of soul"—the substance to satisfy the lofty aspirations that leap from the spirit's high temple. It is a ray from the eternal throne—this is its destiny; and, trampling beneath its feet the false, bewildering radiance that brightens up the shadows of time, it soars onward and upward, until the last, largest desire is lost in Him "who only hath IMMORTALITY, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto."

A biographer of the Wesleys tells us that one Sabbath morning, after Charles had ascended the pulpit of the City Road Chapel, when about to give out a hymn at the commencement of divine service, he paused, stood, with his eyes closed, apparently unconscious of all about him, for several minutes, and then gave out his own inimitable production,

"Come, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize."

Before the contemplation of such a scene as this, into what utter insignificance sinks the fire of Byron, the elegance of Pope, and the nicety of Wordsworth! Of what account to him that morning, was the "honor that cometh from men," whose fellowship was with the "general assembly of the Church of the first-born, which are written in heaven," "the spirits of just men made perfect," and, above all, "the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named!" It was years before this that his earnest spirit, enraptured with the sublimity of that thought, had sung,

"One family we dwell in Him—
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
At his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now!"

But now he is "to the margin come," and never had the stream appeared so narrow. With one step almost he could seize the crown; for his brow, like that of Moses when he returned from the temple, is already brightening with the immortality he is shortly to put on. He might have sought the world's honor, and obtained it as others; but choosing to suffer affliction with the people of God, God has exalted him with his own glory higher and higher, until now, when almost at the close of his pilgrimage, he is rapt in its overpowering effulgence, and stands

"Quite on the verge of heaven."

I shall conclude my communication with the following touching and beautiful lines from his pen, which are not as well known as they should be. They were written after he had passed his three-score and ten years, in relation to some schemes, which himself and friends had been forming about his place of residence when he found it necessary to move; some suggesting one place as most suitable, others another, &c. They will show how little he leaned to his own understanding, even in the commonest affair of life, but, as a true Christian, "in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving made known his requests unto God."

"The Son of man supplies
My every outward need,
Who had not, when he left the skies,
A place to lay his head.
He will provide my place,
And in due season show
Where I shall pass my few sad days
Of pilgrimage below.

No matter where or how
I in this body live,
If, when my dying head I bow,
Jesus my soul receive.
Blest with this precious love,
Savior, 'tis all my care,
To reach the promised house above,
And find a mansion there.

Savior, I would not take
One step in life alone,
Or dare the smallest motion make
Without thy counsel known.
Thee, I my Lord confess
In every thing I see,
And thou, in thine unerring grace,
Shalt order all for me.

Surely, thou wilt provide
The place thou know'st I need—
A solitary spot to hide
Thy hoary servant's head,
Where, a few moments more,
Expecting my release,
I may my father's God adore,
And then depart in peace.

Exposed I long have been
In this bleak vale of tears,
Mid scenes of vanity and sin:
Consumed my threescore years,
I turn my face aside,
Sick of beholding more,
And long the latest stream t' outride,
And reach the happy shore.

As dead already here,
Without desire or hope,
Till from the earth I disappear,
I give the creature up;
A temporal despair
Contentedly abide;
And in my flesh the tokens bear
Of Jesus crucified!"

A REMINISCENCE.

INSCRIBED TO A DEAR FRIEND.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Do you remember not,
'Tis just eight summers gone,
We left our rural cot
To roam? How bright the morn
Stole forth to drink the balmy dew!
Its diamonds we could see
On grass, and shrub, and tree,
And on the lovely flowers of every hue.

The orient sun was then
More fair than e'er before;
It shone on hill and glen,
And gleamed along the shore.
We paused its upward course to mark;
Beneath it lay the sea,
Upon whose bosom free
Was borne in princely state the noble bark.

A fairy shalllop light
We loosed. Its snowy sails
Spread forth their folds of white
To catch the rising gales.
We saw our island-studded bay;
The vast Atlantic's roar,
Though often heard before,
Seemed louder than its wont on that bright day.

There's many a pleasant isle
In Massachusetts Bay;
Like gems they sparkling smile
Amid the ocean's spray.
The wild flowers bloom unnoticed there;
But their rich odors free,
Come o'er the briny sea,
And soften with their breath the bracing air.

The Castle isle is there;
And I remember well
A sunny islet, where
The homeless sick ones dwell.
Its noble pile of buildings white
Shone in the sun's pure ray,
And to the cloudless day
It seemed to add a gladsome, cheering light.

The isle of George protects
The city's harbor wide;
The foeman's bark it wrecks,
But guards with jealous pride

Our country's flag of stripes and stars;
And friendly colors well
Its eagle eye can tell;
An enemy alone its powerful fort debars.

How like a living thing
Our boat flew o'er the wave!
We could not choose but sing;
The sea its echoes gave.
Afar the mellow chorus rung;
E'en now in thought I hear,
In numbers soft and clear,
The rich and tuneful harmonies we sung.

The sweet accordéon's tone
Rose on the fresh'ning breeze;
We sang of "home, sweet home"—
Of childhood's memories.
Friendship with silken fetters bound us;
Its link is yet unbroken;
The harsh word is unspoken;
Unsevered is the chain then thrown around us.

Eight years ago! how few
The fleeting days have seemed!
When brought again to view,
I fancy I have dreamed
Of youthful hours they were not real;
And yet the thoughts that swell
My bosom, seem to tell
My heart its memories are not ideal.

TO NELLY.*

ACCOMPANYING THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

BY HER GRANDFATHER, NOOK MUDGE.

NELLY, accept my present,
This nest of jewels rare;
For thee it may be pleasant
To let thy sisters share.
Ere you the package open,
Please solve this short charade,
Then you'll esteem the token
Of love to you I've made.

My first yourself expresses—
Your title to it's clear;
Though clothed in various dresses,
It charms us all the year.
My second, a rich treasure,
Is like your mind and heart,
Affording us pure pleasure
By truths it does impart;
Its excellences blended,
Afford a charming zest;
Its company's attended
With pleasure east and west.

* Now Mrs. Wilson, of the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans.

FUGITIVE LETTERS.

—
NUMBER I.
—BY VINDEX.
—

It is more than likely that you have good reason to consider yourself on the creditor side, so far as epistolary correspondence is concerned. You tell me of my old arrears; and now another communication has involved me in fresh liabilities. I am afraid that, like the English national debt, the principal is too large to think of its being paid. You must, therefore, be content to receive an installment of the interest whenever time and circumstances may permit. The exchange may seem unequal, but it will be convenient for me, in return for valuable paper, to send you my little gold dollar now and then.

Apropos of the precious metals, why was it that, in the golden chronicles of the past winter, there was no mention made of your enterprising city? Can it be that the gold mania passed you by, as it is said the cholera passes over a certain favored spot in Europe? Or, did your printers fail to report, out of sheer vexation, that their best subscribers were all leaving them? Pray, tell me how it was. Your weekly papers come not now, as once they did, wet from the press, and beautifully vivid in their attractiveness of clean, black letter. As for your monthly magazine, it is silent altogether about the auriferous part of Pluto's kingdom. It tells, indeed, of more enduring riches—of a better inheritance—but not a word of California. Perhaps, like a certain *spirit* of whom we read, its editor thinks

“That this *eternal blazon* must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.”

In other words, that there has been enough of it. If so, I quite agree with him; for it is possible to have too much even of gold speculations.

To be serious, wherever else this yellow plague may light, with its unquenchable fever thirst of wealth, it will always gladden my heart to learn that you and your fellow-citizens are happily content to remain on the broad rock on which your beautiful city is built, and to dig a healthful competence out of the rich soil, and derive the stimulus of commercial enterprise from the glorious lakes by which it is surrounded. Talk of Austral regions, with their magnificent landscapes—what can compare to scenery such as yours when harvest waves its gold plumes through all the purple air? What sight more beautiful than the blue waters when alive with numerous vessels, some moving gracefully along with snow-white sails, others self-moving, rushing through the waves with steam and fire, and leaving far behind them long black columns of smoke to mingle with the vapory clouds?

Not long since, a company of about sixty persons left this place for the snow-clad mountains of Sierra Nevada. They take the overland route, by the way of the Mormon settlement near the Great Salt Lake.

Curious materials is that same company composed of. They have with them an ex-editor, one or two physicians, three clergymen, and a fair proportion of private members, who would rather shoot Indians and buffaloes on the Sabbath than listen to a sermon. Poor fellows! many of them, I fear, will be likely to need the services of doctor and chaplain long before they reach the El Dorado. The cholera's blue death, the thirst, the famine, and the scalping-knife, will meet them on the way, and thin their ranks. Ay, those who once figured in the gay circles of fashionable life, will die alone, and apart from their companions, and leave unburied bones to whiten on the rocks, and their dust to mingle with the sands of the desert. Alas! how painful to think, that those who were our Sabbath school children, members of our Churches, dearest friends, nay, our own kindred, are exposed to dangers and privations such as these! There is a philosophy that gives to mind a dual existence—a capacity to be present in more than one place at the same time. If, indeed, our nature possesses this double attribute, this power of self-extension, no wonder that the soul should follow these absent ones, and go with them on their perilous journey. Hence it is, that in sadness we weep over their sufferings; and it may be that, in doing so, the bitterness of our own spirit is greater even than theirs. How strong, how indestructible is love, since neither time nor distance can deaden the force, or break the power of its strange, mysterious sympathy! Pity that an attribute so holy is not to the moral what gravitation is to the material world—an unseen but ubiquitous agent to bring not only kindred minds but adverse interests and dispositions, together, and make them all, like so many human constellations, move in harmony round God's own heart of LOVE eternal! Then some other Milton, in strains sublimer than the first, might borrow an angel's harp, and sing his Paradise Restored.

But, to leave sentiment, and come to plain matter of fact, I think it may be said that this immense tide of emigration, flowing from so many quarters to the west, will not be without its compensations. It will open up another channel for the river of life; it will settle the country, prevent the Mormons from taking possession of it, and create a new empire in the Pacific branch of our North American republic. 'Tis a mighty wave to bear the masses on in their career of high improvement. And under the smiles of Heaven, the blessings of civilization, truth, and freedom will follow in their wake.

Well, this is certainly a stirring period. The whole world is moving, not alone in an astronomical, but in a fashionable sense. True to their instincts, the American people, old and young, rich and poor, male and female, all are on the wing to California—east, west, north, and south, flying round in every possible direction, visiting their friends, and looking at each other. Canals, turnpikes, horses and carriages, are antiquated now; they are behind the times; too slow for the “go-a-

headitiveness" of the nineteenth century. Nothing will suit our age but the high-pressure principle—electricity and steam, horses of iron and chariots of fire. And such is the extent of the contribution under which these moving powers are laid, that, from this point of view, it were difficult to tell whether the entire eastern population were going to the Pacific, or the people of the mighty west had started on a pleasure trip to our Atlantic coast—on either side, to see old Ocean,

"Where, like

A sea god, glares the everlasting sun
O'er troops of billows marching in his beam."

Do you believe this? Perhaps you think it exaggeration. But you would be convinced of its truth if you could see, as I often do, "the emigrant trains," crowded with people from France, Holland, Germany, all parts of Europe, and the long lines of "passenger cars," filled with ladies and gentlemen, as they stop here at all hours, exchange salutations as they pass, and then, when the bell rings, off and away.

From the "loopholes of my retreat," as somebody says, I look out over this pleasant scene, indulge myself in many a cloud-land reverie, and either dream triangularly of things good, bad, and indifferent, or sigh to think that, out of all mankind, I alone am stationary. Do you ask me why? Alas! "my will, but not my poverty consents," as Shakespeare hath it. So, as my corporeal self is not sufficiently invested with the power of locomotion, you will please accept these fugitive thoughts, and let the mental serve as a substitute for the personal visit., I would not have you pay me back in the same coin, however; you can afford a letter and a visit, too.

Hereafter, I may have many things to say to you; observations on things past and present, and speculations on the future. Let me hope that this letter may open up a correspondence which shall be pleasing and profitable to us both. Meantime, adieu.

NO MORE.

No more! O, melancholy tone!
When hope and happiness are flown—
When early joys have passed away,
Like fairy dreams at dawn of day;
The present yielding no delight—
The future wrapt in clouds and night—
How sad to count past pleasures o'er,
And feel they can return—no more!

No more! O, sweet and soothing sound,
When sunk in sorrow's vale profound,
When every earthly hope has fled,
And passion's baffled crew lie dead,
To feel, all doubt, temptation, past,
A home in heaven is won at last,
The wounded spirit to restore,
To suffer and to sin—no more!

I. J.

JULIEN DUBUQUE.

BY ISAAC JULIAN.

A THREE years' residence, Mr. Editor, in the valley of the Upper Mississippi, has made me familiar with a large extent of that beautiful region; and I have frequently meditated sending you a general sketch of my observations as to the distinctive and more interesting features and associations of the country, but have as often been deterred by the want of time to do justice to the subject, and have felt entirely willing, these many months past, to leave your pages to be supplied by those whose greater leisure, experience, and ability, better qualify them for profiting and interesting your readers.

But, though thus incapacitated from completely carrying out my purpose, I feel inclined to do something toward it; and, in order therefor, I shall offer you a sketch having reference to the most interesting portion of my field of survey; namely, the mine region, near the city of Dubuque.

This strangely-picturesque district of country is entirely *unique* in appearance, character, and history. It affords matter of interest to the traveler, the naturalist, and even to the antiquarian. In the vicinity of the city the country is unspeakably rough—almost mountainous. Bold bluffs, their summits revealing solid, regular strata of rock, which may frequently be seen shooting up into towers, and spires, and fantastic forms, frown on every side, between which are wooded ravines which the eye can scarcely penetrate. Dubuque stands in a semicircle of these stupendous bluffs, facing a bayou of the Mississippi, and is a place of a great deal of business. Many of the people are Roman Catholics. They have a church and burying-ground on one of the bluffs adjacent.

This was originally the country of the Fox Indians, but has been settled by white men over sixty years. I have felt much interest in the history of the exploration of this romantic region at so remote a period, but am only able to give you the following account:

It appears that about the year 1786, Julien Dubuque, a French Canadian, first visited the country. "At a council held at Prairie du Chien, in 1788, the Indians formally confirmed to him—whom they called '*la Petite Nuit*,' or the Little Night—permission in writing to work the mines, and made him a grant of one hundred and forty thousand acres of land. In 1796, he presents his requests to Governor Carondelet, of New Orleans, stating he has made a habitation, or settled a plantation, among the Indians; that he has purchased all the mines they contained; and he solicits the Governor to grant him peaceable possession to all lands within certain boundaries, to wit: six leagues in length, and three in width, bordering upon the Mississippi river. His title was confirmed by Baron de Carondelet, in which they were designated as 'the mines of Spain.'

"Julien Dubuque died on the 24th of March,

1810. A stone monument still marks his resting-place on a high bluff, a mile or two below the city which bears his name. After his death, the Indians burnt down his house and fences, and erased every vestige of civilized life, although he had many faithful followers, whose devoted attachment was evinced by covering his tomb with sheets of lead. A cedar cross marks the place of his tomb with the following inscription:

"JULIEN DUBUQUE,
mineur de les mines d'Espagne,
mort Mars, 1810, age de 45 ans."

In surveying the sublime scenery of this region, my thoughts have involuntarily recurred to the impression it must have made on the minds of Dubuque and his followers, rising on their vision in the calm majesty of nature. I have pictured to my mind their wild adventures, and have amused myself with conjecturing their motives in adventuring so far from the walks of civilized man; and I have regretted, that an episode in the history of the west, so intrinsically romantic and interesting, should have so fallen into oblivion.

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"WOMAN, WHY WEEPEST THOU?"

—
BY REV. T. H. SIMEX.
—

MORNING dawned once more upon Jerusalem; and as the shades of night withdrew before the orient beams, Mary sought the sepulchre. The garden flowers smiled beneath the trembling twilight, but her sad countenance was veiled with gloom. Silent grief reigned within her heart, and sighs and tears were the language of her stricken soul. She comes to pay affection's last tribute—to anoint the fading form of her buried Savior. The seal is broken, and the stone rolled away, and a hallowed light illuminates the tomb. With fearful curiosity and surprise, she stoops and looks within. Two angel forms are sitting there: the guardians of the dead at first they seem, but rays from their radiant brows reveal an empty tomb, and grave-clothes laid aside. "*Woman, why weepest thou?*" fell gently upon her ear; but the voice of the angel charmed her not; new fountains of grief were opened in her heart. In sorrowful accents she replied, "They have taken away my Lord; and I know not where they have laid him." She turns away in anguish; and, in accents sweeter than before, she hears a voice saying, "*Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?*" She looks not up—for hope is dying in her soul—but once again, in trembling tones, she utters her complaint. The stranger looked upon her bending form with pity and with love; and as she raised her tearful eyes beseechingly, hope's last effort, she heard her own name spoken. "*Mary*" was scarcely uttered ere the recognition forced her to exclaim, "*RABBONI!*" Joy lighted up her eye—gladness filled her heart—*her Lord had risen from the dead!*

THE HOMELY CLUB.

—
PART V.
—

BY RICHARD RINGWOOD, SECRETARY.

This paper professes to settle a disputed point once, if not for ever.

I SIMPLY make an extract from the veritable records of the Club, as I find them written at the time of the meeting.

"Homely Club-Room, January, 1849.

"The following essay was presented by Eleanor Eckworth, and read by the Secretary:

"ON BEAUTY.

"There is in the human mind a faculty to perceive and enjoy beauty in all its varieties—beauty in the physical, in the mental, and in the moral worlds—in forms, colors, and sounds—in words, thoughts, and actions—in emotions, sentiments, and affections. The animals seem to be unable, for the most part, to appreciate the beautiful. None of them appear to perceive beauty in form or color, though several highly enjoy the pleasure of sweet sounds. The birds are delighted with music—else, why do they so exert themselves to fill the groves with melody? But some even of these, as the eagle and jay, manifest no delight in this richest of nature's sweet-voiced harmonies. Some animals, as the mouse and the elephant, and several kinds of fish, as the gold fish and the dolphin, are said to manifest signs of joy on listening to pleasing sounds. Aside from these few exceptions, man, alone of earth's manifold inhabitants, can discern and enjoy the beauty so kindly spread over all our pathway to the land of unfading loveliness. It would seem, therefore, that man is distinguished from the brutes, as well by the power to see the beautiful, as by the higher faculty to perceive and admire moral rectitude; and that he can worship God, and improve his capacity to love, and his disposition to obey, as truly, if not as rapidly, by admiring the beauties of creation, as by studying the power and goodness described in revelation.

"The forms of beauty are innumerable. We find it in the variously-tinted, ever-changing clouds, in the sloping hillsides, the wood-crowned mountains, the verdant valleys, and the velvet plains—in the sleeping lakes, the laughing rills, the dancing brooks, the gamboling streams, the raging torrents, and the ever-dashing, constantly-toiling ocean. And the garment which spring weaves to clothe the earth, how richly beautiful! how glorious in magnificence! The majestic forest and the tender grass, the graceful foliage and the delicate blossoms, the humble wild-flower and the gaudy exotic, each possesses beauty in abundance, and most diligently pours it forth to gladden beholders. Higher still is the beauty seen in the animated life, which feeds upon this glorious garden, and revels in its magnificence. The gay-robed butterfly, the dazzling humming-bird, the gilded-winged "denizens of air," and, above all, the human form and face

divine, with the ten thousand voices of piping winds, babbling waters, buzzing insects, caroling birds, and singing, speaking men, cannot fail to enrapture the keenly-apprehending soul, and raise it to the height of praise and adoration. But higher, nobler than all, though unseen by bodily eye, is that beauty which is felt while contemplating the actions, the sentiments, and affections of men. The act of the friend, the philanthropist, or the Christian, is full of beauty; the sentiment which fills the eye with pity's tear, or prompts the heart to tenderness, compassion, or benevolence, is still more pleasing; while the character of the man perfectly good, constantly engaged in the noblest deeds, is the highest form of beauty on earth. Affections of love, gratitude, and piety, thrill the heart at every recital; and if we attempt, in imagination, to paint those glowing forms of beautiful sentiments, actions, and characters, which poets have sung, and especially those perfect and holy affections that revelation promises, we involuntarily rise, with raptures of wonder and devout thanksgiving, to the borders of that poetic fervor which loses itself in the highest inspiration.

"I fully believe that mankind generally think far too little of the beautiful. They have, at least partially, closed their eyes against the matchless charms of sea, and earth, and sky; and they maliciously slander beauty in person and features, by alloying it with pride and ignorance, and by the officious quotation of the oracular sneer in the old adage, "Beauty is but skin deep." In an age of such sordid appetite for gain as ours, beauty cannot be too highly valued. It is the shadow of the heavenly glory falling on earth, to illuminate our otherwise gloomy pilgrimage. The man who loves it, can love a beautiful religion better—can better admire a heaven of perfection, and better adore a Savior, "the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely."

"Beauty of person is the gift of Nature. She bestows regular features, lovely complexions, graceful locks, sparkling eyes, stately forms, and blooming health, on whomsoever she delights to honor; while to others she capriciously denies all participation in the graces universally loved and admired. The favored class can only render themselves ugly by a course of crime against the laws of their physical constitutions; and to the others, no cosmetic, however praised, no cordial, however potent, no regimen, however wise, can give the desired boon. Personal beauty can neither be counterfeited nor stolen; and we show both wisdom and resignation by a cheerful acquiescence in Nature's allotments. Still, however, each person may exhibit the nobler manifestations of beauty in acts, sentiments, and affections; and, however ugly he may be in features, or obscure in occupation, he may yet contribute largely to fill earth with sights of beauty, and contemplations of excellence. If the lower and dimmer light of loveliness shines not from his countenance, her brighter, holier beams may radiate from

his heart, and cause earth to break forth into praise and thanksgiving.'

"After the reading, the President, according to custom, said that the subject was open for discussion—when Matthew Manning, the merchant, who is a great admirer of 'Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful,' spoke:

"The essay just read has indeed used many fine words, and really has the merit of saying a few things in a pleasing manner; yet I cannot subscribe to the doctrine in the last paragraph. The last sentence may be well enough; but we can do much to render ourselves more pleasing in appearance; and if this is not beauty, it is securing the end of beauty without its assistance. Much of the power of beauty lies in dress, ornaments, and attention to cleanliness and neatness; and the habitual expression of the face, the known deportment and character, and the general taste and propriety of the garments, combine to heighten and perfect beauty."

"Thus," said Amanda Appleton, the school-mistress, "you give to us women a fair license to gratify that passion for dress on account of which we are so often scolded."

"Not in any bad sense," returned he; "I would have you learn what colors best become your complexions, and what fashioned robes best suit your forms. You may select rich goods, and gay colors, and dress like butterflies, with my fullest approbation, if you do it to gladden, not to break hearts."

"Your philosophy," said Mrs. Farland, the lawyer's wife, "is still broad enough for any one's practice. It not only gives opportunity for the greatest attention to the toilet, but occasion for self-flattery in regard to our motives; and self-flattery is a sweet crumb to most persons."

"It is a very good philosophy for a merchant," interposed Isaac Ingoldson, the carpenter; "selling a variety of rich goods is the life of your business; but for us, your customers, it may be different."

"I would," replied Manning, with warmth, "maintain the same doctrine if I had a dozen gay, dress-loving daughters, and I were a day-laborer. The art of dressing agreeably, is one part of the art of pleasing, which is itself no inconsiderable branch of the art of doing good."

"Hold there!" cried Francis Farland, the lawyer; "dress has nothing to do with personal beauty. Clothes are one thing; the man, or the woman, quite another. You may bury an ugly woman in a heap of the best silks and satins, and she is still ugly. But the habitual expression of the countenance may make or unmake beauty. Anger, grief, sadness, peevishness, malice, or love, tenderness, joy, hope, pity, reverence, darken or illuminate the face, as flying masses of clouds checker the fields when they chase over the sun at mid-day. The external signs of the one class of emotions are agreeable; those of the other, disagreeable: the first tend to render the lines of the face harsh and unpleasant; the latter, soft and pleasing; and each modifies the countenance to a habitually gentle and benign, or

to a fretful and malicious aspect, which is beauty or ugliness. To be handsome, then, cherish good emotions, and —

"A capital idea!" shouted Norman Nightingale. "Now, there need not be another disagreeable person on earth. Get yourself good-natured, and arrange your features before the glass! A long nose will diminish, and a short one increase, hollow cheeks puff out, and those too plump sink in, a meager forehead expand, and a bowed form become erect, if you are good-natured, and sufficiently attentive to the mirror! I move, Mr. President, that the Treasurer be instructed to purchase mirrors, and that we hereafter meet twice a week to practice these 'gymnastics of beauty'!"

"I second the motion," cried Lemuel Leffingwell, the good-natured farmer; "I have wished I was handsome ever since I was a boy. The thing is worth the trial at any rate, and you who like gentility can improve in that way at the same time, without extra expense or attention."

"Good! good!" almost screamed Florimel Freeland; "the women will all come now, despite of rain, snow, mud, or cold, I'll warrant."

"Those Gnostics were a rare sect of Christian philosophers: I always had much sympathy for them," remarked Samuel Samson, the teacher of ancient languages, who had been so absorbed in Plato, that he had not heard a syllable since the essay had been read, till aroused by the ominous word *gymnastics*. Having expressed his opinion, he returned to Plato without even suspecting the occasion of the laugh his mistake had raised.

"I see," said Farland, with evident mortification, "you are all disposed to be merry at my expense; but still you will find my doctrine true, in the qualified sense in which I spoke, not in the absolute sense in which you laugh at it."

"And modify my doctrine," cried Manning, who had vainly endeavored to speak a dozen times, "and it is as true as preaching."

"It occurs to me," said the Rev. Arthur Amerman, "that we are wholly neglecting the beauty called associated. Many objects are beautiful in themselves, and some are made so simply by their connection with others, or on account of benefit or pleasure derived from them. Thus, by doing good deeds, and by exhibiting lovely dispositions, our presence will inspire emotions so pleasing, that the multitude, who are not philosophers, shall really think the pleasure proceeds from our good looks."

"I recollect," said Gregory Goldthwaite, the painter, "many examples of this principle. When I paint the portrait of one I know, I often catch myself painting the mind insensibly. If I know the friend for goodness and virtue, I invariably flatter largely; and invariably those who see my work think my pictures, at that, not so handsome as the life. I remember two cases in point. I was painting in my native town; and I resolved to make an experiment on this matter. I asked two men to

sit for pictures for my studio. They both consented. The one was Deacon Ely, a man of forty, noted for his Christian piety, benevolence, and pleasant, companionable qualities, and yet the ugliest man I ever saw. He was disproportionately tall and slim, was stooping in figure, and had a long nose, a projecting chin, and a low, retiring forehead. His hair was of a roan color, and his face, spotted, and freckled, and warty, looked more like a piece of raw beef than any thing you can imagine. He had a fine, expressive eye; and from this I painted a very handsome face to match it. The other was a young man of twenty-four, with regular features, curling hair, and a naturally fine complexion, but an unsteady, villainous eye, as ever rolled in a man's head; and this eye, as in the other picture, I made prominent, and painted an ugly portrait. Each picture was pronounced, by more than one person of taste in the village, the exact image of the original. I remember a lady of fashion and education, to whom I communicated my design, who used to sit hours and study them, declaring that she had always seen the persons themselves exactly as I had then drawn them. Such is the effect of our opinions of the character in prejudicing our judgments of external beauty."

"Your incident," said Charles Chamberlain, the physician, who had long been waiting to speak, "reminds me of another painter's anecdote; and my friend Farland shall have the benefit of it. "A painter once found a boy so innocently sweet and beautiful, that he painted his portrait, and hung it in his studio, calling it *Innocence*. It was said to be an exact copy, and not an ideal picture of the child. For years he sought a subject for a counterpart; and, at length, when old, he found a man in a prison—a hardened, abandoned wretch, condemned for murder. He then painted *Guilt*, and hung it opposite to *Innocence*. A strange curiosity now impelled him to learn the history of the man who sat for the portrait of *Guilt*, and with astonishment he found him the same little boy who had sat for *Innocence*." Wicked passions, vices, and crimes had completely destroyed the child's beauty, and made it the man's deformity. Why, then, may not a virtuous life render the uncomely beautiful?"

"Several members now wished to speak; but the President said, that in one minute the Club must adjourn; and he was allowed that minute to sum up the ideas advanced and established. These he thought to be, "1. Dress and habits of neatness have much to do with the pleasure with which our presence is regarded by our friends and strangers. 2. The emotions habitually cherished have a great power in giving expression to the countenance, and in rendering it agreeable or disagreeable. And, 3. Good deeds and a known character for virtue do cause all men to regard us with kindness, and to feel pleasure in our society. And if not any, nor all of these, constitute personal beauty, they are of far more worth, as they directly benefit mankind, and are not dependent upon the age, the health, or

any external circumstances whatever. I hope, therefore,' continued he, smiling, 'you will take my word for it, and call this disputed matter settled for once.' Here the clock struck; and though it was evident the President had more to say, yet nothing could induce us to break our rules, and we adjourned."

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PASTORAL REMINISCENCES.

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FROM THE ROOM OF AN INVALID.
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BY REV. THOMAS M. EDDY.

WHILE confined to my room this lovely morning, my mind has been wandering among scenes of the past. In the life of the itinerant are exhibited many *facts*—real, *active* facts—far stranger than fiction. These are generally allowed to be buried in oblivion—to be lost entirely. That this is *right* I doubt. I have, therefore, sketched, in simple, truthful words, a few of the "recollections" of other days.

THE AGED SOLDIER.

At the close of the conference of 184— I determined to pay a short visit to the place where I had spent a portion of my earlier days, and where I first endeavored to bear the consecrated cross. I will not attempt a description of the changes which had been wrought during my absence. It is enough to say, that pestilence had swept over the country, and the land was filled with graves. Then, too, the spirit of emigration had been there, and multitudes had gone to seek fortune, home, and fame, in the "fairy west." I passed over old walks—I visited old haunts—I was almost solitary—I felt

"Like one who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted!"

Oppressed in feeling, I mounted my horse and rode several miles to the residence of a relative, under whose roof I had spent several months. His father was a venerable old man of more than ninety winters. He had served with Lord Dunmore in the French and Indian war. When strife arose between the Colonies and the mother country, he heard and was moved by the stirring shout, "To arms!" that rang among the hills and glens of young America. He followed the Father of his country in many an eventful march. He was with the army of Gates when the proud and veteran Burgoyne was compelled to lay down his arms. In victory and defeat he had shared the fortunes of his country—he had lived to see her at peace with, and respected by, all nations, and now he was, and for years had been, a soldier of the "Prince of salvation." Do you wonder that he was the object of veneration and love! "The aged did him reverence"—the young gathered around him to hear of the "times that tried men's souls"—the Christian loved him because he "had been with Jesus," and could tell of him.

Time had wrought great changes. His once stalwart form was bowed beneath "the rush of numerous years." Those eyes, that could once deserv-

the foeman from afar, were now in darkness, and he was "led by a way he knew not." Our fraternal greetings were warm, and even joyous. After we were somewhat composed, and I announced that I must leave in the morning, it was decided there must be preaching that very night; "and," added the old veteran, "you must preach here." Messengers were sent out, and, at nightfall, the house was crowded. The text that evening was the exclamation of the lonely, desolate, and persecuted sufferer of the land of Uz, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." After the sermon, it was proposed, in view of our soon separating, never all to meet again, that we should devote some time to the relation of Christian experience and Christian hopes. After a few had spoken, the old soldier began. It seems as if I can see him now, as I saw him then. Seated in his "old arm-chair," his gray hairs covering his furrowed brow, his palsied hands crossed upon the "top of his staff," unable to rise to his feet, he spoke in trembling tones: "Once I was young; I have been as strong as any of you; I have endured toil and peril; I have seen many changes; I have lost nearly all my early friends; I have buried my beloved wife; I have entirely lost my sight, and my hearing is nearly gone; my strength has utterly failed; I have forgotten many things; sometimes I forget the names of my own children; I shall soon leave you, but, blessed be God! I shall go safely home, for I can still say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth!'" The old man's strength sank under the press of feeling, and his feeble voice was lost amid the shouts and sobs of that company. O with what feeling went up the song,

"Even down to old age, all my people shall prove,
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love!"

The next morning I bade the old veteran farewell, and started to my new circuit. Soon, through the columns of the Advocate, I learned he had gone home! "He fell, but felt no fear!"

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

At the close of a protracted morning service, I was requested to visit immediately a young lady dying with consumption. With one or two devoted brethren, I went. We walked about a mile across the "grand old woods," and found the residence of the sufferer's family. The father had been a man of property, of influence, and respectability; but these were all gone. As thousands have fallen, so fell he—the victim of legalized robbery—of *lawful* murder! He was a drunkard. He was made so by honorable men; for, according to the ethics of "these days of progress," whatever is according to law is virtuous and honorable. He was ruined; but then it had been legally done. His family were well-nigh beggared; but then they who did it had a right, and the state did them reverence. God be praised that the world shall yet be judged in righteousness! The mother was a believer in the doctrine of unconditional, universal salvation, and of course possessed but little charity for the higher and impassioned feelings of piety. There was a

sister; but she loved the rustic ball and the rural dance. She loved not God—adored not the Savior. There were brothers; but they were profane. Could the spirit of pure, fervent piety, be looked for in such a polluted atmosphere?

We entered the apartment designated, and were startled at the appearance of the sufferer. About eighteen years of age, she presented an appearance of rare beauty—smitten, withered, yet lovely still! The pallid brow was high and arched—her eye beamed with the strange, unearthly fire of the consumptive! The mocking hectic flush was upon her cheek, and her pale hand was almost transparent. There she sat, bolstered up in her bed by large pillows, holding in her attenuated right hand the New Testament, while the breeze that stole gently through the window, perfumed by the clustering honeysuckle, played gently with the curl that lay upon her pale forehead.

We entered into conversation with the dying one, and found that she reposed, with Scriptural confidence, on Him “who is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God.” While struggling for breath, she declared that she was constantly comforted, in her severest sufferings, by “the riches of his grace.” She desired to receive holy baptism. “Who,” thought I, “can forbid water, that she should not be baptized?” We gathered near the sufferer’s couch, and sang a few verses. How solemnly fell the words of our sublime ritual, “Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works—the vain pomp and glory of the world?” Why should she not? She had tried them; they had failed. What comfort had they now? What could *they* do, while death was rolling up its dark waters towhelm and destroy? How apposite—how full of emphatic meaning, at such an hour, the question, “Dost thou believe in the resurrection of the body, and everlasting life after death?” At the conclusion of the baptismal service, which we felt was owned of God, both as to subject and mode, one of the brethren arose from his knees, and, with deep feeling, began to sing that simple, yet sweet song:

“When for eternal worlds I steer,
And seas are calm, and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
The distant hills of Canaan rise,
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I’m going home!”

The eye of the sufferer was suffused with tears of joyfulness, and the warm-hearted, pious man, continued:

“Then nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady helm, and free-bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail;
’Tis now for joy she folds her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I’m safe at home!”

The shout of joy involuntarily arose, and filled the house. We bade her farewell, addressed to the family a few words of warning, and departed. Ere

the next Sabbath she left the world in holy exultation. In her dying moments she pleaded with her father to renounce his sinful course. Solemnly he promised his death-struck child that he would reform, that he would burst the spell that bound him, and, above all, consecrate himself, a living sacrifice, to God. He made these vows as he wiped the cold sweat from his daughter’s brow, and felt her last breath upon his cheek. Alas! poor human nature! I have since seen him, while wearing the mourning badge, reeling under the influence of the fiery poison! And then the man who made him so laughed his victim to scorn, and, jingling the money filched from his needy family, turned him out into the raging tempest, lest he should disgrace his *respectable establishment!* Do you remember how the spirit of Burns rose at the sight of a wounded hare?

“Inhuman man! curse on thy barbarous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye!”

THE DYING INFIDEL.

“Died Abner as the fool dieth?” Sin “makes a death that nature never made.” Inspiration declares it to be a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God. This is a truth. To enter his presence all stained with unforgiven crimes—with no mediator and no moving spirit, is surely very fearful. The name of Jesus is the only name given that can afford salvation. The various systems of infidelity, of set purpose, deny, reject, and scorn all hope, all salvation, in or through Jesus of Nazareth. Therefore, admitting the truth of the inspired word, over *their* destiny hangs no incertitude. If they die as they live—and men generally do—the “wedding garment” is not on, the “white stone” is not given, the “new name” is not written!

While residing in the town of — I received a hasty summons to visit a dying man. I went immediately; for there is no time to be lost when a soul is about rushing into the presence of God that yet needs instruction. Ascending a stairway, I was met by a female whose countenance expressed the deepest and most heart-rending woe! In a few moments she told the story of grief. Her husband was dying; she would be left in a land of strangers, with a large and almost helpless family; “but,” said she, “I could bear all this; but my husband is unprepared to die; he don’t believe the Bible; he don’t believe in Jesus; he will not pray!” With a sad and heavy heart I entered his room. He seemed to be in the meridian of his age, and, though now reduced by disease, possessed of a very athletic frame. He had sunk into an uneasy slumber; but he evidently did not *rest*. I gazed intently upon his countenance. It spoke plainly—it seemed to me as plainly as *words* could speak—there could be no mistaking the sentiment there expressed—each line of the ghastly countenance, each frown of the contracted brow, uttered the same terrible word—it was DESPAIR!

He awoke from his uneasy slumber, and started when he saw a stranger by his bedside. “My dear husband,” said his sorrowful wife, “I have sent for

a minister to come and talk with you." He shook his head, and frowning impatiently, motioned us to leave him. She threw her arms around his neck and sobbed, seemingly with a bursting heart, "O do permit the minister to pray with you, O do!" He disengaged himself from her arms, frowned upon me indignantly, as I sought to address him, and, with a growl of deep despair, turned away his face! With deep sorrow of heart I left him. I had never seen such an instance before; it appalled me! For weeks it seemed as if I could see that ghastly face, that scowling brow, that wildly glaring eye, and all combining to give emphasis to that terrible word, "DESPAIR!" In a few hours after I left him he died without God, and having no hope!

"Ah me! the laurel wreath that murder bears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade o'er the skeptic's head."

REV. CYRUS SAWYER.

BY REV. A. LOWRY.

DEAR BROTHER W.—I have been greatly interested in the letter from your son, which you caused to be published, touching the last days and peaceful death of the Rev. Cyrus Sawyer; and I send you the following tribute of respect to his memory, in hope that the delineation of a character so brilliant and precious will not be uninteresting to you. I take this liberty under the conviction that you love and place the highest estimate upon the intelligent, the elevated in taste, the pure in heart and life. Moreover, I bless myself with the reflection that I write of a friend to a friend. The following extract from your son's communication I have read with tears:

"Delaware, February 1, 1848.

"In my last letter I told you of the illness of our beloved pastor, the Rev. Cyrus Sawyer. I have now to tell you the mournful news that he is no more. He died last Monday night, (January 24,) about 11 o'clock, in great peace. The funeral services were performed here, on Wednesday morning, by a sermon by Dr. Thomson, on this text: 'God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ,' &c., because it embodied the rule of action of our pastor, in his 'godly walk and chaste conversation.' You know he professed the blessing of perfect love. His last sermon, I think, was on this theme: 'Perfect love casteth out fear.'

"During the latter part of brother Sawyer's illness, for several days, he was delirious a great part of the time; but even his delirium was pleasant and sweet, for his mind constantly dwelt upon his ministerial duties. He imagined himself conducting prayer meeting, and would offer up the most appropriate prayers. Again he thought he was meeting class, and gave the tenderest advice, admonition, and encouragement. Nay, he would suppose

himself in the pulpit; he would sing and pray, and then take his text, and preach a most beautiful sermon, and then close with the benediction. Often he would exhort, often pray. Never, during the delirium of his mind, did other thoughts than these—Jesus and salvation, religion and the cross—obtrude themselves. Dr. Thomson once went into his room and found him exhorting. He stood by the bedside of the dying man for several minutes without saying a word. At length, brother Sawyer opened his eyes and recognized the Doctor, 'O!' said he, 'I did not know I was preaching to you!'

"The death-bed scene of our pastor was, indeed, a blissful one. There was no weeping, for he would not permit it. It was a place of rejoicing—of victory rather:

'Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies?
Yes; but not his—'tis Death himself there dies.'

"Our beloved pastor was a consistent man. His practice conformed to his profession, and his purity of life beautifully illustrated the doctrines he preached and the holiness of heart which he professed. His sermons and public exhortations were generally very interesting, short, terse, applicable, and pointed. He was emphatically a man of one idea. All his reading tended to the great truths of God's word—redemption and salvation. He was a faithful shepherd of his flock. His health was generally feeble, and he often preached when he was not able; and his ardent labors in the Lord's vineyard, and his unremitting attention to the duties of his station, doubtless caused his premature death.

"Brother Sawyer preached by his life, preached by his conversation—which always tended to promote the kingdom of his Master—but, more than all, he preached by his death.

"As he lived so he died—happy, triumphant, victorious! The death-struggle was not long, nor severe. He sank into death as he sank to sleep. His last words were expressive of his peace and hope. He departed, whispering the name of his wife—'home!' 'heaven!' As he lay beneath the coffin-lid, a sweet smile played around his features, which the cold hand of Death could not remove. O how calm and peaceful he looked! There he lay, rigid, pale, but beautiful! He seemed to be but as in sleep.

'And is this death?—dread thing!
If such thy visiting,
How beautiful thou art!"

I had an opportunity to form a very just estimate of that excellent man of God. I knew his father, step-mother, two uncles, and their families. The family was generally plain and unostentatious, but sensible, and highly respectable; and all that professed any religion—which embraced nearly the whole connection—were attached members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Brother Sawyer's father had passed the zenith of life before he obtained conversion; therefore, his religious career was an incessant struggle with long-established habits of worldliness; but, as long as I knew him, he was

an exemplary Christian, and worthy member of the Church. Brother Sawyer's step-mother, I think, was a devout Christian, and consistent Methodist, from early life. I have now a scene fresh in my recollection, the remembrance of which yields the purest satisfaction, in which she acted a prominent part. It was a gracious revival, in which about forty bright conversions occurred. Sister Sawyer was one of my most active, efficient co-workers, praying audibly, and conversing with the seekers, with pure and burning zeal for souls. A few years ago this holy woman and her husband died, within the compass of a week of each other.

With Cyrus I had a limited acquaintance and slight participation in worldly frivolities, before either of us had tasted the elevated pleasures of religion. He was naturally proud and ambitious, and somewhat haughty, but always a gentleman, seeking and identifying himself with the best society; and such were his affability, agreeable manners, and personal grace and fascination, that his object was easily attained. His presence never detracted from the most polished circles. At this period he manifested no seriousness or concern for his soul; and yet, as he afterward revealed to me, he was the subject of deep conviction for sin, and distressing apprehensions pertaining to eternity. In the midst of those palmy days of worldly delights, such as few young men enjoy, his drink was gall—his prospects the most oppressive gloom; but, when omnipotent grace converted him, all that was repugnant in his moral constitution to the exalted principles of the Christian religion seemed to be at once expunged, and the life and love of God became the steady and sumptuous feast of his soul; the enviable qualities of his nature were sanctified, and, under the fashioning hand of Jesus, he was molded into a character, the loveliness, amiability, and great worth of which I have no ability to describe. Religion emphatically became his theme; it must be respected in every place where he would consent to go, must commingle in every exercise in which he would allow himself to participate, and must stand out in bold relief, as the principal thing, in every pursuit he adopted. I could say much of his distinctive traits of character, but will only glance at a few.

1. He was, without controversy, a man of rich intellectual endowments, which were improved by the study of the sciences, systematic thought, and general reading. At school he ranked among the most talented and promising students; and, indeed, no one could hear him preach or converse without being impressed that he possessed an independent mind, that was well-disciplined, and stored with useful knowledge.

2. He evinced the high importance which he attached to religion, by introducing it to all with whom he became associated, however haughty and disdainful might be their bearing. Soon after his conversion, he was in the employ of a wealthy and ostentatious merchant; and, though young and

inexperienced, he ventured to converse freely with him on the subject of experimental religion; and such was his courtesy, affection, and commanding holiness, that he drew from him unexpected concessions. At school he even called the attention of his preceptor, who was not a professor of religion, to the subject of his soul's welfare; and so happy and judicious was he in the discharge of this delicate duty, that he greatly ingratiated himself into the esteem of his tutor, who ever after spoke of him in terms of the highest respect; and when this godly student was about to be parted from him, he remarked to me, with much stress and feeling, "Sawyer will long be remembered in this institution."

3. Though brother Sawyer possessed extraordinary qualities and gifts, and was constitutionally proud and ambitious, yet, after his conversion, he evidently thought very humbly of himself. Many of his brethren thought, and frequently stated to him, that he ought to devote himself to the work of the ministry; but, for several years, under the conviction that he was not divinely called, and that he had not the ability to expound Scripture, he peremptorily refused even to be constituted an exhorter. During the time he was a student, a society of benevolent ladies addressed him a polite note, proposing to furnish means to educate him for the ministry; but he positively declined, on the ground that he was too unworthy and unpromising to receive their benefactions.

4. But it was as a living Christian that brother Sawyer shone with pre-eminent brilliancy. "God was in all his thoughts, and his conversation was in heaven." He lived in the atmosphere of devotion, and kept up correspondence with the skies. Prayer, in all its life-inspiring energy, and spirit-stirring excitement, and attended with the holiest unction, became a habit rooted and grounded in his moral nature. I have rambled with him to the woods for recreation, and all nature, from the dew-drop to the umbrageous hill and huge rock, seemed tributary to his devotional feeling, and so forcibly proclaimed his duty that his custom was, on reaching a retired spot, to propose a season of prayer. Secret prayer was not a thing of words and sounds, a spiritless formality, with him; it was a feast, a season of substantial fellowship, and communing of spirit with Spirit. Once I met him, and his theme of spiritual life being introduced, he remarked, touching the incentive of future blessedness that drew us onward and upward, that if all heaven contained nothing more glorious than the blessing he had received a few nights before upon his bed, he would pass through a fire of fagots to attain it. Indeed, I never knew a man stately to enter so fervently into devotion on retiring at night. I have known him to wrestle at his bedside till his body was agitated, his voice trembled, and he would involuntarily ejaculate praise. His last effort of each day seemed to be to put his soul in proper motion toward God, and get the seal of Divine approbation

upon his works before the day departed, with its record, to eternity. Hence, when conversation was ended, and slumber began to steal upon you, a holy breathing and panting after God might be heard from him. During his ministerial career, I was not much with him; but that his heavenly-mindedness suffered no abatement, I had evidence, from various sources; and I was especially satisfied of this from the following graphic and comprehensive description of his holy spirit and life, from a preacher who knew him: "Brother Sawyer lives upon his knees."

Though brother Sawyer was always pale, and apparently sickly and feeble, and though, for many years, he viewed death as near at hand, often remarking he did not expect to attain the age of thirty, yet, when I heard that this ornament of the Christian profession, sublime preacher, and true gentleman, was dead, I was greatly affected, and sought a place, like Joseph, to weep, and involuntarily mourned for him many days. I felt oppressed with the truth that God had "put far from me lover and friend, and mine acquaintance into darkness." It was brother Sawyer that induced me first to pray audibly, to unite with the Church, and to exercise in public. Therefore, while his grave holds the fondling of all his kindred, the parent of many spiritual children, the object of a wife's love, it also holds my friend, whose very name is embalmed in my memory and affections. There let his sacred ashes sleep, and his stainless spirit repose in Abraham's bosom, till, in the resurrection, they commence an immortal union in consummate bliss and finished beatification.

HOURS OF SADNESS.

BY MRS. M. A. SIGELOW.

Who has not seen the hour,
When the heart had lost its gladness,
And it seemed each vine and flower
Glistened with tears of sadness?

When the breeze, at evening heard,
Came like the voice of sighing,
And the leaves were faintly stirred,
Like the pulses of the dying?

Then the skies of tranquil blue
Only serve the gloom to heighten;
All in vain their azure hue;
There are shades it cannot brighten.

There are sweets that all may cull,
In the time of youthful gladness;
But more sacred to the soul
Are its pensive hours of sadness.

TITLES of honor add not to his worth,
Who is an honor to his title. FORD.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

BY J. C. H. HOABS, M. D.

I ATTENDED the lectures of — Medical College during the winter of 184—. A class of one hundred and forty-two students, of all ages, from the thoughtless and inexperienced boy of fifteen to the staid old man of fifty, were assembled from the neighboring states. A more intelligent and attentive class has seldom met to study the "sublime mysteries of medicine."

On the first day of the session the lecture-room presented an interesting scene. The mutual recognition of quondam friends, followed by the hearty shake of the hand and the smiling face, told plainly that

"Fond memory brought the light
Of other days around them;"

for there are no associations in life more lasting, or about which the memory lingers with greater pleasure, when the fond attachments of youth have given place to the reserve and distrust of manhood, than the scenes and associates of our college days. O that we could retain that light heart and unsuspecting confidence as our constant guests through life! But, alas! the treachery of friends, and selfishness of the world, too often cause us, even in the society of those we most highly esteem, to "suspect some danger nigh." The students were collected in little groups through the room. There were some, however, whose wandering eyes met not those of a friend or acquaintance, whose familiar words might dispel the lonely feelings that pervaded their minds; but, in a few days, these had mingled with the giddy crowd, and the fond recollections of home and friends had given place to the noise and glee of the student. But there was one who did not so easily forget the sober reflections of manhood, although he often smiled at the witty sallies and cunning tricks of "the boys." He was tall, and carried himself erect and manly; but his thin visage and sunken eye told plainly of the close and untiring student. His easy dignity and gentlemanly manners soon won the universal respect of the class; but there was a settled melancholy upon his features that illy become one yet in the morning of life. He never sought the company of any one, but sat alone on the end of some vacant seat. He never lost a lecture, and paid great attention to the teachings of the professors.

The son of wealthy parents is gratified in every desire, flattered by every acquaintance, and encouraged in his toilsome studies with the promise of favoritism in his examination, and certain success when he shall have entered upon the practice of his profession. It is not so with the poor student. He denies himself even the necessities of life, is discouraged by his friends, and expects nothing but the fruits of industry; but an unconquerable ambition inspires him with fresh zeal; he relishes again the coarse and scanty meal, denies himself the

pleasures of society, and treads his rough path alone. But, reader, add to this the support of a widowed mother, who has no other dependence, and then ask yourself how much can be spared to defray an expensive course of lectures in a fashionable city. This was the situation of our friend; this was the cause of his melancholy; for his gentleness of manners, and amiable disposition, must have rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the purest enjoyment of society.

About the fifth week of the session the typhus fever made its appearance in our hospital, and four of our number, who visited its wards, were attacked by the insidious foe, which never announces its approach, till, like a loathsome reptile that steals upon the weary traveler while asleep, it encircles its victim in its slimy coils. It made its selection, and took the choicest of our number, for the widow's son was one of them. O, well do I remember the sorrow that was depicted upon the countenances of the students, when they heard of the sick boys. Week after week passed away, and still the sullen foe triumphed; and, like an enemy that has entered within the walls of a city, it approached to the very citadel of life, and then, instead of extinguishing, with one smothering breath, the flickering taper that was almost submerged by the loathsome and weakening sweat which bathed the sufferers, it exulted in wasting its strength by the slowest possible progress. The professors were unremitting in their efforts to arrest the disease, but it steadily progressed. Night after night we watched its slow progress, as it stole away the life of our brothers. Not a want was disregarded, nor a sigh escaped our notice. O! it were a privilege to suffer, if one could receive the attention and sympathy that were manifested for those sick students!

Four weeks had passed away, and two of them began slowly to recover; but two continued to sink, till it were impossible to rally, if the disease had left them. I called on D., and, although so weak he could not turn his head upon his pillow, he invited me to a seat, and spoke of the pleasant morning. Never have I looked upon a more emaciated form than that to which he was reduced; and, although accustomed to the wasted appearance of the victims of disease, and the spectral form of the subject, I involuntarily shrunk back when I approached his bedside.

One morning the president came before us to announce his death. He stood silent for some minutes, while grief knit his noble brow, and quivered his chin, till it shook that frame that had steadily handled the scalpel for years, and performed, unmoved, almost every operation in surgery. At length the fountain of feeling burst open, and he wept like a child. One of our number, the talented Kavanaugh, who has been for years an elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church, preached the funeral sermon with touching eloquence, and we mournfully conveyed him to his resting place.

But, reader, the stroke fell not upon us! In

another state lived a lonely, widowed mother, who appreciated that boy's worth even better than we could, and who counted the weeks as they passed as if they had been years, till her only child would return to gladden her heart with his presence; for he was an affectionate boy. O how long have those weeks been! They have indeed been years! and she begins to realize the soul-sickening truth that he is dead. May He who is a "husband to the widow" be her portion, till she follows her affectionate boy to the grave, and meet him where "there shall be no more death!"

THE VOICE OF GOD.

BY GEORGE G. LYON.

Who can reflect upon that sublime expression uttered by Jehovah on the first morn of creation, when "darkness was upon the face of the deep," and when the earth was garmented with a cloud of thick darkness, without experiencing emotions with more of heaven in them than earth! With what surprising swiftness did the mantling cloud disperse, and the prevented rays of intercepted light beam forth, when the authoritative mandate of the Highest was passed! The long-accumulated mists which intervened between the lower earth and the glorious orb, heard the Divine command, and the passive elements of his own creation yielded at his bidding; for God said, "Let light be, and light was!"

It is thus, too, that the dark clouds of unregeneracy are dispersed by the light of God's truth, and the benighted mind, so long wrapt in sin's dark mantle, brought into newness of life and light.

It was the same voice, in a thundering mood, which spoke from Sinai's top, and which caused the half-idolatrous people to exceedingly fear and tremble—which impresses upon their bewildered minds the dread and awful majesty, the omnipotent power, and the holiness and the spirituality of the worship of their God.

It was the same voice, in the incarnate Deity, that was heard and obeyed by the boisterous waves and turbulent elements of the sea of Genesareth. And it is the same gentle tones and omnific words, "Peace, be still," which reach and quiet the sin-distressed and tempest-tossed soul. And, O how mighty are those words; and with what speed are they obeyed! The mind, so long accustomed to command, and so little inured to obey, is passive and obedient; the will, so long accustomed to its own sway, is now resigned, submissive, meek; the affections, so long placed and bound to things temporal and transitory, are now transferred to things spiritual and eternal. How powerful that voice! how irresistible its influence! how transforming its tendency! and how permanent its effect! When the Lord addresses thee, reader, say to him, as did Samuel, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1849.

THE SHOULDER-KNOT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FATAL ERROR.

WE must now hasten toward the close of our historic narrative. There are a few particulars, recorded by several historians, though the French writers are here my chief authorities, which must be thrown together in this chapter.

The Duke of Buckingham, with his faithful attaché, Archibald Armstrong, left Paris the morning after the ballet. He had a brief interview with Anne a few minutes prior to his departure. His heart, his whole bearing, were entirely changed toward her. The same firmness of principle, which had long before made Richelieu her mortal enemy, had won the admiration of a man, whose character was naturally of a noble and generous stamp, but weakened and blackened by the most debasing vices. He had mistaken the disposition of the Queen from the moment he first saw her; her openness and confiding simplicity of manner had misrepresented her to him as to many others; but, whatever were the feelings of others, Buckingham was now convinced of her exalted purity. That purity had wrought a change, a perfect change, in his relations to her. So far from presuming, as he had done, upon her weakness, she was now, in his mind, the very image of womanly perfection. His freedom of address was now altered to the highest degree of reverence. He almost worshiped her. So true it is, that virtue is respected by the most vile, while vice, in itself considered, is alike hateful to every character.

The Queen, on the other hand, who, ever since the adventure of the garden, had treated the Duke with merited coldness, except when compelled to acknowledge him in his official capacity, relented on the first appearance or confession of his repentance. Her heart was too gentle to hold resentment, when the object of it sought forgiveness. Neither did her unsophisticated heart dream of the necessity of politic tardiness in the bestowal of her pardon. All she wanted was to know, that he who had injured her was sorrowful for his conduct, and, regardless of all consequences, or forgetful of them, she banished all animosity for ever. She had gained a victory over one perhaps never before baffled; but she was not the person to make a needless display of her laurels. The only reward she asked was the testimony of a good conscience.

In bidding her farewell, the Duke besought the Queen to accept, as the readiest mark of his admiration, the wreath of flowers, which, the night before, the old peasant woman, namely, the queen-mother, had laid upon his head. She, taken by surprise, but not to be outdone in magnanimity, presented him with the only trinket upon her person, the golden-tasseled *Shoulder-Knot*, which she had continued to wear in honor of the giver. Fatal act!—an act destined to cause her more pain of mind, more torture, more exquisite suffering, than she had ever before experienced! It is strange that she did not see the peril of this step; but the impulse under which she acted was as sudden as it was generous; and the circumstance itself is only another proof, that the consciousness of innocence may some-

times give us a boldness bordering apparently upon guilt.

It could not be otherwise than that Richelieu and Mary should be in close watch of the Queen at so important a crisis. Her words were all numbered and written as in a book. Her very looks and gestures were registered; and the parting ceremony, including the exchange of gifts, was recorded with the minuteness of a diplomatic paper. All, too, was instantly reported to the King, with all that accompaniment of glosses and embellishments, which the spies knew how to use.

But there had begun to be a strangeness of conduct in Louis, for which neither the Cardinal nor the queen-mother could account. He eagerly listened to their new accusations; he assented to every thing they had to say; he even had the appearance of a man enraged; but it was not difficult for such keen critics to perceive, that his anger was not of the same stamp it had been before. The two conspirators, however, took different views of the same case. The queen-mother argued that the King had become impatient of delay, and perhaps wearied with the needless cautions imposed by her accomplice. Richelieu, perplexed in his reasoning by his ignorance of a single but fundamental fact, maintained, that it was only the levity of his disposition, excited by his misfortune, now rocking between the opposite passions of jealousy and love. They cordially agreed, however, that no farther delays were needed; that every circumstance now called for speed; and that the gift of the *Shoulder-Knot* furnished them with the means of bringing instant and utter ruin upon the Queen.

Richelieu, with his characteristic readiness in such foul work, drew up the plan of operations on the instant of beholding that exchange of presents. Having seen in Louis evident tokens of affection for the Queen, the most indubitable of which was his overwrought readiness to receive any sort of accusations against her, and yet without emotion, which argued heart-felt distrust of the testimony rendered by the queen-mother and himself, he resolved to approach the King in a new character, to press him, to chase him if he could, and bring the whole plot to a speedy issue. He felt certain of the destruction of the Queen. If, now, he could involve Louis, in any way, in her downfall, he would himself become virtually king. This could be done, not by flattering and fawning as he had done, but by attacking the monarch's badly-concealed apathy. Thus met, Louis must either humble himself before his Minister, and, at the same time, decree a more speedy condemnation of the Queen, or, leaning toward his wife's defense, he must link his own reputation with one now fairly doomed. Never was a bolder step taken by mortal man; but, before detailing its fortunes, it is essential to give the reader to understand the true cause of the King's apathy, against which the Cardinal is about to make his presumptuous but artful attack.

The scene of Buckingham and the Queen in the royal garden is not forgotten. The Duke's approach from behind the old stone tower, his words of guile, Anne's opposition and victory, her retreat, and the surprisal effected by the wily Cardinal, are all remembered. That scene, it will be also recollected, was reported to the King, with such additions and subtractions as would not fail to make it worse. In other words, though the event was a truth, the report of it, taken as a whole, was false; and could Louis only have known the

discrepancy between the facts and the representation given of them, in this single instance, he would see a whole revelation at a glance. He would see, from one strong example, the characteristic ambition, cunning, and mendacity of the man whom he most trusted. He would see the plot now working for the ruin of his wife, and the diminution of his own power. He would see the innocence, the meekness, the unflinching fidelity of one of the purest and loveliest of her sex. He would see the beginning and the aim of the darkest scheme ever concocted in a traitor's brain.

Now, reader, listen to a fact, which, I am certain, will make you glad. At the very moment of the Queen's temptation and victory, while in the very act of making that memorable declaration of fidelity to a husband, who had slighted, repulsed, wronged, and injured her so long, that husband witnessed every gesture, and listened to every word. By accident, he was in the garden, and within ten paces of the parties, when his wife so positively refused to take the least step, which should compromise her conscience, though in self-defense. He heard her swear eternal fealty to himself, to duty, and to God. That was enough. The spell, by which the Cardinal had so long bound him, was broken at a stroke. His jealousy, his anger, perished in a moment. His first love, nay, a love tenfold more intense than the first, rose up like a vestal flame within his heart. More than once, while standing there, he was on the point of rushing from his concealment, to fall upon his knees before his injured wife, or to clasp her in his loved embrace. But this would not do. The man, who had so long served and deceived him, he plainly saw, must be dealt with at greater leisure; and, before leaving the ground, he resolved to let the whole scheme go on till he should fall upon an opportunity of effectually humbling the wretch who had given him so much pain.

It was in this frame of mind that he had listened to the rehearsal or falsification of the event, when reported to him by his mother and his Minister. It was in this frame, that he had received them in all their subsequent visits, while engaged in the completion of their infernal work. It was in this frame, too, that Mary and Richelieu found him, when they came to lay out their last and deepest plot for his approval. He read them as a scholar would read a book; but the time for revelation and punishment was not yet.

When Richelieu told the King that his wife had again betrayed him; that she had even bestowed his late gift—a gift not to be thus violated—on her paramour; and that the consummation of his royal wish was now as certain as the law of cause and effect, or the demonstrations of mathematics, Louis did not seem to be roused just as the Cardinal could have wished. He did look dark and moody. He did wrinkle his forehead in a threatening manner. He did say something of the wickedness, corruption, and malice of human nature. He ventured even to remark that all would soon be apparent.

"Yes," interposed the Cardinal, gathering excitement from the King's apathy—"yes, it will be apparent; and, as I have gone thus far by your orders into this unpleasant business, I trust you will see that my trouble has not been without cause and purpose."

"Besides," added Mary, who had lost nothing of her impetuosity, "I am astonished, Louis, that you can hear of your disgrace, of your wretchedness, of your infamy, in so calm a temper; for the wickedness of a wife is the husband's sin, until he spurns her from his presence.

Her guilt must be as plain as noonday. The items in the indictment are numerous and of the blackest character. Is it possible that you have forgotten any one of them? Let me teach you your catechism. Did she not meet the Duke privately, probably by compact, on the night of his first visit? Did she not spend a long time in secret with him? Did she not receive letters? At least a letter was dispatched to her from her accomplice. Has she not played, sung, walked, rode, danced, and dallied with him ever since he took up his residence in the palace? Did she not, sir, meet him in the King's garden? Nay, Louis, to complete her infamy, has she not now transferred to him a royal present, an undeserved token of affection, a mark of special favor, to one whom it is not a virtue in a woman to regard with the slightest complacency? Would she not engage to wear that jewel, should you command it, on any occasion you might mention, expecting to procure a counterfeit from some of her base instruments in Paris, and thus play the serpent with a husband whom she has so long abused, betrayed, abandoned? Come, Louis, let the blood of your fathers rise up within you. Nay, let your mother's beating heart send one pulsation into yours, and let this foul wench sink beneath your foot like a crushed viper! Trust her no longer! She is the very image, emblem, symbol, ensign, exponent, paragon, and pattern of a deceiver!"

"True enough, madam," replied Louis gravely, "she has been a great deceiver; and I am just beginning to learn her real character."

"But you have been too slow in learning it."

"Ay, madam, and I hope God will forgive me for it."

"But God forgives none who work not, and that promptly and speedily, according to their knowledge."

"The set time will soon be here, madam!"

"Yes, thank God! when that wretch shall receive her due, and this goodly palace will be clear of conspirators against our peace and happiness."

"Most heartily, madam, do I hope it may be so."

"Hope? Nay, Louis, the decrees of Heaven are not more certain. We have the evidence of her guilt now in our possession, which, were it not for your too great slowness, would be proof enough to behead her before morning. Would God you might see it so! How gladly would I behold her false face grinning from the point of a soldier's pike, as he should show her wicked features to the populace!"

"I too have satisfactory evidence; and, moreover, let me assure you, madam, and you, Mr. Cardinal, that I am ready to bring her to any test, ordeal, or proof, which you may mention."

"Let her produce the Shoulder-Knot," ejaculated Mary, with an air of triumph. "That is all the proof I will ask of her. If she fail to do it, let her guilt be acknowledged and published to the winds of heaven."

"That, madam," replied Louis, not believing a word of this recent story about the exchange of presents—"that is a very moderate ordeal. Nothing could be more reasonable, or more decisive."

"Shall we, then," said the Cardinal, "understand that to be the test agreed on? Shall the Queen's guilt or innocence depend on her producing, or failing to produce, the Shoulder-Knot?"

"Yes," answered the King promptly.

"But, if you give her time," said Richelieu, "she will send to England and procure it of her princely lover."

"The time shall be too brief," rejoined the monarch. "It shall be to-morrow, to-day, nay, this moment, if you say it. Let this trial have a speedy issue. My heart calls for haste in this business."

"Nay, may it please your Majesty," answered the Cardinal with a pleased expression; for he was blind again, and mistook the reason of the King's promptness—"may it please your Majesty, let her have more time and a more ample theatre to display her conjugal fidelity! A thought now strikes me. The wedding is fixed for the first of May. There are only three days intervening. Send the Queen a royal order to wear that jewel at the festival, which succeeds, on the same night, the marriage. There will then be a grand array of witnesses to take knowledge of her virtue! They will spread it to all the provinces of France, to England, and to every clime around us!"

"It shall be so," said Louis, "though this instant would suit me better."

"What shall be her punishment?" asked Mary. "Is there any thing enough cruel, wrenching, torturing, to meet her deservings? Tell me, Louis, about her punishment. Punishment is a sweet word in our conversation about such a miscreant!"

"Eternal banishment from her husband, madam, ought to be punishment sufficiently dreadful for a woman. That shall be her punishment."

"Nothing worse than banishment? Why, Louis, that is a mere whip of straw to frighten a school-girl! Banishment!"

"Yes, madam, unchangeable, irrevocable, eternal banishment—banishment from her home and kindred—banishment from her wealth and honors—banishment from the walks of civilized society—banishment into outer and perpetual oblivion—this were a thousand deaths, madam."

"Well, Louis, if banishment be all, then let the sentence now begin to take effect."

"You would not punish, madam, before trial and condemnation?"

"You cannot begin too soon, Louis. I grudge her every moment of hope that now lies between this instant and her everlasting ruin. Do, in some form, my good son, banish her. Banish her from the palace, from your presence, from your recollection, from your fancy, from every chamber of your being. Spurn her, as a vile thing, from you. Let the memory of her perish. Be to her as if she had only been the bauble of an impure dream, which your own purity would require you to forget as soon as possible. Nay, crush her, this moment crush her."

"Madam, I wish to please you. You and Richelieu are to hold your ways freely in the Queen's trial; and I now decree, that Anne shall not see my face, till her innocence is demonstrated by the test you have suggested."

"She shall produce the Shoulder-Knot?"

"Or never behold my face again."

"On the night following the wedding?"

"When she enters the grand assembly?"

"She shall wear it?"

"By my order."

"Or perish?"

"Or be banished."

"We have your royal word for it?"

"My solemn oath; and now go, madam, and you, Richelieu, and implore Heaven to speed the hour

when this high business shall reach its consummation!"

"May it please your Majesty," interposed the Cardinal, who had enjoyed this spirited dialogue between Louis and his mother with a fiendlike relish, "one word before we part. Would you know the genuine from any counterfeit of your royal gift, which the Queen might procure from her jewelers?"

"My mark is on it. It is the mark of a cross, made by two imperfect threads of the golden tissue, which might never occur again in the manufacture of a thousand. I should know it instantly."

"Well, then," said Richelieu, leisurely unrolling a little package, and holding out three small trinkets to the monarch, while he but partially suppressed a satiric smile that began to play upon his lips, "these are three of the tassels which once adorned the genuine article. They will furnish us with a most ample security against imposture. If she wear a counterfeit, you will know it by the mark you speak of, I by comparing these with the tassels of the one her jewelers may manufacture. Deception is doubly impossible!"

The King started back with emotion, at the same time wishing to know whence the Cardinal had obtained the tassels.

"From the Duke of Buckingham's own shoulder, the night after his arrival in London, when, it being coronation night, he was ambitious to display his amorous successes at the court of France before his English vassals. They were cut from their places by a trusty servant, who followed him to London for this purpose. They are genuine, sire, a most genuine proof of the Queen's guilt, and an infallible guaranty of her ruin."

Louis turned pale with passion. The deed was done, and he saw it. The Cardinal had fairly trapped him. The Queen's reputation was now in the hands of her sworn enemies. Her very husband, though King, could not interfere to save her, without violating his oath, and thus periling his own standing. Nor dared he, with all his new affection for his Queen, lean too much in her favor, while there was such strong proof of her unfortunate, if not criminal, situation. With all his power, he could do nothing; and so, with an oppressive appreciation of his utter helplessness, he sank back upon his seat, lost in the battling tumult of his emotions. The Cardinal and queen-mother, full of spirits at the completion of their infernal plot, glided from the room and left him. How long he remained in that state of agony, history nowhere informs us; but his first words after rousing himself from it have been recorded—"That man of guile has overmatched me. He has slowly pursued his game, while I have been too hasty. Like the child that touched the spring, and thus started a piece of machinery, which resisted all his puny efforts to stop it, so I have set powers at work, which all the might of my throne and sceptre cannot now forbid moving forward to their most fearful issues. I must bide the consequences. The angel of my heart must run the peril. May God, whose wisdom is unfathomable, interpose to save her!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

DEFAT OR VICTORY.

The first of May, 1625, the day set for the making of one queen and the marring of another, the most memorable in the historical calendar of France, dawned clear, and calm, and beautiful. Only forty-eight hours before, had Anne of Austria received the King's order,

by the hands of Richelieu, to see his face no more, till she had declared her innocence by appearing in the great assembly, on the night of marriage, wearing his royal gift upon her person. Otherwise, she was given plainly to understand, her fate was sealed without further trial. The mandate came upon her like a thunderbolt. She saw her error and her danger in a moment. It was absolutely impossible to comply with the requisition; she never dreamed of such a thing as a counterfeit, or of any other method of deception; nothing was left her, she thought, but to fall humbly at her Maker's feet, to implore his forgiveness of every impropriety, then to resign herself to her fate, and prepare to meet it. The Duchess de Chevreuse, now almost entirely recovered from her illness, devoted her whole being more than ever to her mistress; and both the friends, on the morning of the marriage, remained in private, linked together in indissoluble affection, but equally confounded by the new and terrible calamity which had so suddenly broke upon them.

The King was not less inconsolable. There was at least a sense of innocence to allay the bitterness of Anne's condition; but Louis mourned and wept over a stroke of rashness, by which he had staked the reputation and happiness of his wife, and that on a trifling test which was now certain to go against her. His anguish was the greater because he had sworn not to see her again before her innocence should be thus vindicated, which, he perceived, was not only about the same as a decree of banishment taking effect from that moment, but it utterly precluded him from the last sweet privilege of a wrong-doer, of going to the injured and confessing a fault when seen and felt, though inevitable. Nothing was left to the King but weeping, and remorse, and lamentation.

Henrietta Maria, on the morning of her wedding-day, could not be otherwise than happy. She cared nothing for the plots going forward in a palace which she was about to leave for another; and her young fancy was full of those pictures of future felicity, which crowd the brains of more common brides on such occasions.

The queen-mother, too, the fiery-tempered Mary, who was giving her daughter a royal husband, and, at the same moment, restoring herself to her former ascendancy in the King's cabinet, saw nothing in the day but joy and animation. She hurried from one apartment of the palace to another, as if already its mistress by a little reasonable anticipation; and her words gave motion to a score of lords, who, with the base levity of courtiers, were ready to secure her patronage by an advance of the most mercenary service. There was a severity in her heart, however, which all the gayety of her dress and carriage could not entirely cover. Her hot temper would now and then burst forth, like a half-smothered volcano, throwing up the burning lava of a most fearful disposition.

Richelieu, on the contrary, the great tactician, the artful dissembler, was himself fully. He moved through the throng, which pressed into the Palais Royale, with an air of the most perfect obsequiousness, as if he regarded himself the most insignificant character at court, while he really aimed at a power nothing less than imperial. He had a bow, a smile, or a laugh, or some agreeable repartee, for every one he met, taking care, however, that the point of every little sally should flatter rather than wound the vanity of his company.

At two o'clock the marriage was to take place in the

great cathedral, where the parties were to be represented by their proxies; but long before that time of the day, the palace was jammed with noble visitors, the yards and parks were overflowing, and the streets of the city were alive with every conceivable demonstration. The whole metropolis was in motion. Vehicles of every description were hurrying in all directions. The marching and music of the military were noticeable in every quarter. Land and naval commanders, in their richest trappings, marshals on horseback, and municipal officers with their white-pointed batons, mingled with the multitude, or rode round to watch the progress of all necessary preparations. The populace were out in their gayest colors, the banker, the merchant, the mechanic, the artist, the common laborer, all in the highest spirits. Nothing but smiles, and bows, and courtesies, and loud laughter, together with every possible token of hilarity and good-nature, was either audible or visible. It was a great day for France; and the light-hearted citizens of the gay capital knew how to enjoy it.

Neither the Cardinal nor the queen-mother considered it necessary longer to conceal the fact and circumstances of the coming trial. Both, also, wished their personal friends to be in the secret, to add a greater zest and interest to the occasion; and Mary, had no reasons existed for the development, could not have restrained her tongue, especially as every thing was now regarded as safe and certain beyond a question. The secret spread with the rapidity of lightning; the palace was immediately on a hum with the startling rumor; and, long before the hour fixed for the wedding ceremony, that rumor had taken wing among the populace, and was flying to the remotest of the French provinces. From that moment the pageant of the day, on which the wealth of the nation had been freely lavished, in order to make the marriage, which was but the introductory scene of the Queen's ruin, the more memorable and striking, sank in comparison with the tragic interest connected with the closing solemnities of the coming evening.

The marriage ceremony, however, went on of course. An immense procession of military, of citizens, of public officers, of noblemen, of invited princes from neighboring countries, closed up by a long train of royal carriages, proceeded at the set time to the cathedral. Every part of that immense pile of architecture was crowded to suffocation. The rite was performed by the venerable archbishop, in the presence of the King's household, who sat within the altar. The services were conducted with all the pomp imaginable. There was, however, such an amount of bowing, and praying, and reading, and chanting—of chanting, and reading, and praying, and bowing—that the vast throng of spectators, though accustomed to the tedious ritual of the mass-book, were thoroughly tired of it before it was half concluded. No possible ceremony, however, could have entertained them. Their thoughts were not there. A new and overwhelming passion had risen up within them. Even while the prayers, and praises, and genuflections, and re-genuflections, were going forward, the two great parties, into which the populace and the palace were instantly divided, were broken into little knots, discussing the question of the Queen's guilt or innocence with genuine French animation. When the herald arose in the assembly and pronounced Henrietta Maria, according to the royal treaties and by the rite of holy matrimony, the lawful wife of Charles, and Queen

of England, the busy multitude within the church could scarcely spare time from their debates to raise the shouts customary on such occasions; and the more numerous multitude of the streets, who should have rent the very heavens with their acclamations, gave a few scattering echoes of the noise within, and then resigned the topic for another of far greater moment.

After the conclusion of the pageant, as the royal household were passing out, all eyes sought for the beautiful Queen, who was so shortly to fall a sacrifice to her folly or misfortune; but neither she, nor Louis, could be discovered. Anne had been prohibited, as the reader knows, from appearing where she might see her husband; and the King was glad to cover his absence behind the practice of his ancestors. But the queen-mother, followed by Richelieu and other officers, passed through the throng which opened to give them passage; and they were received with a general silence so rarely interrupted by any vociferations, that they could scarcely tell whether they were the objects of speechless awe, or of diminishing admiration. It was the beginning of a suspense, which, every succeeding hour, grew more and more intense, until, just before the moment of decision, it became absolutely painful.

It is a fact worthy of the most careful record, that the parties, into which all Paris was now divided, were made up of the most opposite characters. All the good, virtuous, generous, and gentle spirits, were on the side of Anne, and advocated her cause with animation. The base, the ungenerous, the narrow, the vulgar, and the vile, which constituted the great majority, were the friends of Richelieu and Mary. It is doubtful whether, even among the latter class, there were five persons outside the palace, who desired the utter prostration of the Queen. As she was a foreigner, and as there had been a good deal of gossip about her foreign influence, many of them were willing enough to see that influence somewhat diminished; but there were only two persons in all Paris, who were sufficiently wicked and malicious to desire her overthrow. Nor did the people understand, at first, the depth and extent of the Cardinal's foul purposes against her. But it was impossible long to conceal these purposes from a mass of beings so powerfully excited; and it was very natural, that, as the direful malignity of the plot became more and more developed, the popular opposition should begin to pass over gradually to the side of pity. It was even so. When the sun went down at the close of that eventful day, the shades of night gathered round a vast population, among whom there was scarcely a heart, beyond the precincts of the court, that did not beat with a degree of indignation against the conspirators, or with some strokes of compassion for the innocent and injured.

But the hour of her trial is now fast approaching. It is the hour, reader, for which all the previous hours, and days, and weeks, and years of this narrative have been preparing. It is an hour so fraught with consequences to her, upon whom every feeling of my heart has become centred, by the very act of writing out her history, and to those wicked conspirators, whom I have learned to detest by the same process, that my pen trembles in my hand as I approach it. We are now to see whether there is any reality in the protection of an overruling Providence; whether God can look down with carelessness on the accomplishment of the blackest of villanies against the most amiable, and innocent, and

confiding, and yet helpless of mortals; whether the rewarding of the good, and the punishment of the wicked, especially when the good look to him as their only safety in trouble, forms a chief part of his moral government over the world we inhabit. But my interest is too intense to admit of wasting time in needless verbiage. The reader must be content with the principal facts, that lead on toward that crowning event, which is to decide great questions, the fate of many persons, and even the destinies of several nations.

Before eight o'clock, the palace is densely crowded. At nine every alley, and hall, and corridor, is filled to overflowing. At ten, there is a general inquiry respecting the precise time when the Queen is to make her entry. At eleven, it is whispered from the mouth of Richelieu to some noble lord, and from that lord to another, and so on throughout the great hall of the palace, that Anne will make her appearance, through the great door, which never opens but on the greatest of occasions, at twelve o'clock precisely. She and the Duchess, it is said, will come in together, as if resolved to fall—for fall they must—into one common sepulchre. The next hour is one of awful interest. The conversation, which had been loud and even boisterous, gradually dies away into myriads of whispers. At half-past eleven the whole company of nobles, as if by instinct, range themselves on the sides of the royal hall, to give the Queen a wider theatre for her entrance. At a quarter to twelve, the King passes, with as little ado as possible, to the end of the spacious room opposite to that at which Anne and the Duchess are to enter. His face is as pale as death; and he trembles from head to foot with pent-up emotions. Thinking himself concealed from observation, merely because he is lost to himself within the depths of his troubled heart, he stands there in the crowd, which gives way a little to make room for his royal person, the object of almost universal pity. His wife is about to sink, in his very presence, into a deep and everlasting ruin; and the whole company of spectators, to whom this expected calamity had already become a reality, though in doubt respecting the actual feelings of the monarch toward his Queen, feel that there is reason enough, whether he loves or hates her, for their sympathy or compassion. About midway of the right hand side stands the Cardinal, biting his finger nails, but trying to hold an easy conversation with those about him. Mary takes her position very near the great door, through which the entrance is to be effected, with the demon-like ambition of being the first to witness and enjoy the Queen's eternal humiliation. The lords and ladies of the court, and among them several Spanish and English notables, whose names have figured in former chapters, occupy the remaining places. All are breathless with expectation. At ten minutes before midnight, a small bell, like those used in the Catholic cathedral service, rings at some little distance behind the great door of entrance. It is the note of preparation to remind the doomed wife of Louis of the King's commandment; and every heart palpitates as its sweet little music penetrates and travels through the great apartment. In five minutes more it rings again, at the sound of which even those palpitating hearts are still; and the King, who sees but the brief span of five other minutes between his long-misunderstood, unappreciated, abused, but now tried, proved, loved, nay, almost worshiped consort, and that utter annihilation prepared for her by the disappointed lust of one enemy, and the unnatural

ambition and violence of another, stands there the very image of distraction spell bound by despair. The moments are now counted. Next, the very seconds are distinguished. But, now, when the great hall is as profoundly silent as an unvisited grave-yard—now, when every countenance is either pallid with the chill of fear, or flushed with the fever of hope—now, when all eyes are fastened to the spot of expectation, the musical little bell rings out its final signal, when, lo! the massive doors are thrown wide open! Two ladies, incomparably beautiful, arrayed in the most perfect but simple splendor, pass over the threshold!

Lo! reader, why fall they not, as soon as their guilty feet touch the same level where their last tribunal has been erected, beneath the weight of their iniquities? Why, whether iniquitous or not, sink they not, like coward slaves, to fawn, and flatter, and make dolorous prayers, at the feet of those who have them in their power? O, ye sons and daughters of innocence, robed in smiles amid the dark world's darkest frownings, ye know full well what a heart of strength, what a step of boldness, what a sense of safety, what a charm of sweet serenity, a conscious righteousness of act and purpose imparts to mortals in the very face and front of danger! Nor does the Omnipotent, whose eye beholds every method, whose hand holds every instrument, whose heart prompts to every exercise of providential interposition, in behalf of those whose life has swung upon the sanctity and certainty of his promise, ever fail to work out a redemption for his confidants in the hour of peril!

Such is the lesson we are now to impress upon our memories. These two ladies, who have no reason to regard one of that throng as a friend, who have every reason to dread the effect of malicious intrigue upon every one of them, and who knew the power and hatred of their chief enemies, advance without a tremor, without a fear, without a blush, into the presence of their judges, before the face of their prosecutors, within the grasp of their executioners, to the very steps of that garlanded altar, on which they are expected soon to lie a double sacrifice! Nay, more, they walk with a light, buoyant, happy step, like twin sisters to a bridal festival. They greet every personage they pass in their brilliant progress; and no sooner do they turn from their opening salutations, than a smile of joy rises upon the countenances of those first met, whence it passes, like a flash of electric light, with but slight exceptions, around the entire circle of spectators.

One of these exceptions is soon encountered. As they proceed, Anne is noticed making an unusually low and submissive courtesy; but the person, to whom it is so meekly and sincerely offered, shrinks back with scorn and indignation. Rash woman! her hour is come, a clear conviction of which immediately falls upon her like a stroke of thunder; for, as the Queen turns and leaves her, the impetuous Mary, to whom this humble submission had been tendered, bending forward, fixes one sharp, searching, ay, astonished look, upon Anne's shoulder, and from that moment stands like a lifeless statue! Thank Heaven! instead of triumphing, as she had trusted, over the "viper" against whom she had been so long plotting, she might be more fitly taken, in that motionless attitude of devitalizing disappointment, as a kind of living, conscious, miserable monument, erected to the triumph of her expected victim!

Meeting Richelieu on their way forward, they offer

him a free and frank obeisance, which he returns with a humility for once real, but with a face covered with confusion. Stammering out something about his "profound happiness at seeing her Majesty in so good spirits, and hoping that this [something which the Queen could not hear] might be the end of her unmerited troubles," for the first time in his long life, he finds it impossible to keep his wily tongue in motion. Never, since life was given him, would death have been more welcome. Now, he could have sought it as a blessing, if for no other reason, than that it would hide him from the presence of his amiable victor.

The King, who, till this moment, had covered his emotion by concealing himself among the dense crowd of his noble guests, can conceal himself no longer. He has read the evidence of his wife's triumph in the faces of her enemies. He has seen, too, with his own astonished eyes, what their eyes had beheld to their eternal sorrow, the genuine Shoulder-Knot, shining like a constellation of diamonds, as it was, on the Queen's shoulder. Without asking whence she had obtained it, or whether it had ever been out of her possession, but thoroughly convinced of the purity of her life, whatever explanations of her conduct remained to be made and listened to, he rushes to the spot where the Queen is standing. Their eyes meet as he clasps her to his heart with rapture. The scene is now truly touching. Anne, who had not dreamed of the change in the King's feelings, at first scarcely knows how to receive such greetings, but soon catches the secret with a woman's quickness. Louis, monarch as he is, weeps like a child on the bosom of his injured but faithful wife; and that wife, repaid by this one moment of joy for months and years of injury and of anguish, weeps as freely on the bosom of her repenting husband. The infection spreads to the spectators; and there is scarcely one, excepting the two conspirators, both of whom still stand as if frozen by horror to their first positions, who does not, from one passion or another, shed tears while gazing on this affecting spectacle!

The Queen has now triumphed over the last of her enemies. All their machinations have proved harmless against her; the Being in whom she trusted has overruled them all to her advantage; and the last of them, by which the conspirators felt confident of at once "crushing" her, has now become a terrible witness for their own condemnation. The three tags, or tassels, which Richelieu had shown the King, declaring them to have been cut from the Shoulder-Knot when worn by the Duke of Buckingham, are in the King's possession. The Cardinal must now, in his turn, defend himself against the charge of counterfeiting, falsehood, and deception. Treason itself is likely to be a count in the fearful declaration. If he sets up the plea that the tassels are genuine, he has no witness but the despised minister, who, as he will say, took them from the Duke's shoulder. One word from Anne, however, will have more weight now than the oaths of a hundred servants and confidants of the fallen Minister. He is, at last, in her power entirely. We shall see how effectually she employs her fortune.

The King is almost beside himself. To perpetuate the memory of that night, he calls from the crowd half a score of Anne's most faithful friends, and repays their fidelity with the honors of knighthood. He takes off all his own jewels, and fastens them upon her person. He sends an order to have all the bells of the city ring out

a joyful signal. Upon the Queen's speaking to him in an under tone, but with marked earnestness, he exclaims, "True enough! true enough! where is she?" They look—others look—all look—but no one can find her; for the beautiful Duchess, who had been the chief instrument in the achievement of this victory, could not endure, in company, the weight of joy that had broken so suddenly upon her. She had fled, during the confusion of the royal embraces, into a small recess, mentioned in a previous chapter, to shed in secret the tears of gratitude and gladness. But the King will not be baffled. He sends Richelieu—yes, Richelieu—to find her. Her very joy betrays her to those nearest the place of her seclusion; and, in a moment more, the Cardinal comes forward, leading this friend and martyr to innocence by the hand. Louis, looking down upon her with an indescribable admiration, gives expression to the common feeling: "Most wonderful and faithful of women! this lady, your friend, wishes me to say, that she owes her life, her happiness, her all, to your faithfulness. She expects me, no doubt, to reward you according to your merit, and my estimate of your services. King as I am, I have not the power to do it. Take, then, as a token from an insolvent debtor, this ring"—he approaches Richelieu, and commands him to restore the one he had given him, when the queen-mother steps forward and relieves the Cardinal by delivering the potent jewel to the monarch—"take this ring. My royal mother shall hand it you. Whenever the friend of Anne shall know a want, let her show this check upon my possessions. It shall never be dishonored."

Louis was again all animation, and would have given himself up to his happiness; but the Queen again whispers something in his ear, upon which he turns and regards her with a look of wonder, replying, in a moment or two, with emphasis: "Certainly! certainly! forgiveness is a Godlike virtue; but how is it possible, thou paragon and miracle of all goodness, that thou canst ask a pardon for those who have pursued thee to the very brink of ruin! Ay, angelic woman, by virtue of that same combination of heavenly perfections, by which, after having saved thyself and *me* from destruction, and gained a complete triumph over the last of thy enemies, thou givest all the merit of the salvation to another, thou wilt doubtless continue to pray for and bless thy persecutors; but let all here remember, that the conspirators against the darling of *my* heart must show their penitence by many good works, before they can obtain the King's pardon. And now, ye witnesses of this wonder, let us all here learn, that there is a God in heaven, who suffers the wicked to prosper till they ensnare themselves in their own vices, and as often rescues the innocent and confiding by means beyond the reach of human foresight or calculation!"

By this time the bells of the capital had caught the infectious spirit of the palace; and the same winds, which Richelieu had invoked to bear abroad the news of the Queen's ruin, were now heralding, from steeple to steeple, the glory of her triumph to the remotest of the French provinces. [To be concluded in the next number.]

CERVANTES.

THIS great man, with all his genius, was certainly a son of misfortune. While his cotemporary and inferior, Lope de Vega, was basking in the sunshine of vast riches, acquired by the sale of his now almost forgotten

productions, the author of *Don Quixote* was living in obscurity and want. But subsequent generations have done him ample justice. Condemning his rival to oblivion, they have raised him to the honors of an immortality, which long ago dawned upon his name. His great work, the greatest of his country, the greatest of its kind ever known, after achieving a victory almost unparalleled in the history of letters, is still read with profit and delight in the four quarters of the globe. It is singular, however, how such works are frequently misunderstood. While some, that are actual history, though written in the style of works of the imagination, are mistaken for fictions by the unlearned, others, which are nothing but fancies, receive the honors of historical composition at the same hands. Burke's celebrated satire against Bolingbroke, and the humanitarian skeptics of his day, was taken for a grave expression of its author's real sentiments; and one of Hobbe's sober philosophical productions was received, at first, as a piece of sarcasm against the brethren of his own school! The most singular of all similar misconceptions, however, happened in relation to the *Don Quixote*; for it is undeniably true, that, about the middle of the eighteenth century, a learned society, the Academy of Literature and the Fine Arts at Troyes, in Champagne, actually sent a deputation of their body to visit the Escorial Library in Spain, in order to obtain, if possible, the original manuscript of that Arabian sage, from whom Cervantes professed to have translated his immortal work! Such are the follies of the learned; and they teach all authors not to be amazed, or discouraged, if works written in the most earnest spirit, with the best good of the world in view, should be classed among fictions, or novels, or similar trash, by men knowing nothing of fiction, and but little more of truth.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.

No man, who does not make definite and conscious exertions to secure progress in his spiritual experience, will find himself progressing as a thing of course. A mere profession is of no avail. The record of our names upon the Church book will not secure success. We must watch, and work, if we would grow in any undertaking of the present life. If the gymnast wishes to increase the breadth of his body and the power of his muscles, he takes daily exercise, and that of the most active kind. If the student sets out to acquire strength of mind, or a balance of his faculties, he toils day and night to accomplish these desirable ends. So, for the same reason, if a man would grow in virtue, in religion, in holiness, he must devote himself to active exertion—to careful labor—to hard work.

BREVITY OF SPEECH

THE citizens of Sparta hated talking; and they refused to write books, because, they said, books were nothing but long talks written down. The dispatch of Cæsar—"Veni, vidi, vici"—has become a proverb. Henry the Fourth once began and concluded a whole speech to his army thus: "You are Frenchmen—I am your commander—there is the enemy." The living Hungarian general, Bem, is said to have recorded a victory in these words: "Bem Bam Baum," namely, Bem has taken Baum. But the palm, I think, belongs to Sir Charles Napier, who, after the capture of Scinde, wrote to Lord Ellenborough the single word, "Peccavi"—I have Scinde!

THE WORLD IN MINIATURE.

THE political occurrences of the last month are not very important. The war in Germany is at an end. Hungary has fallen. All the states of the German empire are more under tyrannical sway than ever. Russia still holds her rod over Hungary. France, or at least the base-hearted tyrant called the President of France, compliments the Czar of Russia for his victories! Italian liberty, also, is no more! That same republican, Napoleon, has crushed the rising spirit of freedom in Rome, invited the Pope to return to his palace, and mocked the people of Italy by promises of protection!

Such, reader, is the last result of all the great revolutions, which, in 1848, shook the thrones of European despots, and sent such thrills of delight into all free hearts! It is precisely such a result, however, as we foresaw, and which we predicted in our article for February. It is, indeed, quite singular that we should have been correct in every particular, even to the smallest matters, when the opinion of the American press was almost unanimously the other way.

We never had any faith in the French and German revolutions. The Germans are too much divided in race, religion, and customs to admit of consolidation. The French are too superficial to understand the fundamental principles of human freedom; and their Emperor, or President as they call him, is too low, ignorant, and base a man to be any thing but a slave of a stupid, personal ambition, or the tool of the more knowing despots.

Italy is wedded to Popery, as we said in February; and Vincent Gioberti himself, once the head and front of the Italian revolution, has, as we suspected, turned out to be a traitor to the people, the instrument of the Papacy, the sworn and eternal foe to liberty and human rights! So much for revolutions in a nation which regards the Bishop of their chief city the express representative of God, and the priesthood as their own representatives before the tribunal and majesty of Heaven!

Go where you will, reader, and you will find that all these popular outbreaks in Popish countries, even where they eventuate, as they sometimes have done, in the formation of republican governments, run down at last into despotisms or anarchisms of the rankest kind. The truth of it is, liberty and Popery are antagonistic ideas. They never did dwell together in unity; and they never will. In all the countries thus far named, Popery must die before liberty can be born!

England remains at peace. The good crops in Ireland, and in continental Europe, insure the quiet of Great Britain for another year.

Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, and similar third-rate countries, are not worth a sentence, as they have long since ceased to have any sensible influence in the affairs of mankind.

On this side of the water, Canada continues to draw some attention, as her population are known to be quite generally uneasy under the British yoke. Our own government has had a little brush with the Minister of France; but the French, through M. de Tocqueville, have partly apologized for the Minister's misconduct, and removed him from his place. A slight misunderstanding has, also, risen up between us and a chief of the republic of Nicaragua, who opposed the construction of the projected American canal across the Isthmus, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and it is thought that the savage acts under the instructions and support of the British government. But that is nothing. If we want the canal, neither the savage Nicaraguan, nor the civilized Victoria will stop us. The day for such things is gone. But we are no advocate for this enterprise. We believe it would be of more value to Great Britain than to us. Let us have our great Atlantic and Pacific railroad, with its double track, and we shall have nothing more to ask.

The religious intelligence for the last month is very meager. No new movements have been developed. Nothing essentially new or striking has been accomplished. There have no great revivals of religion occurred, so far as we have noticed, in any quarter of the globe. One thing, it seems to us, is certain. In no prosperous civilized country is religion keeping pace with the progress of population; and in barbarous lands, the work of evangelization has scarcely made a sensible im-

pression for the last one or two years. In America, Popery is rapidly increasing by immigration, but in no other way; while thousands of its adherents, on the other hand, are annually dropping from its fold. In the city of Cincinnati alone, we have not less than five thousand nonconfessing or backslidden Catholics; and the whole country is supposed to contain half a million of this class of men. Popery cannot live here side by side with our free institutions; and if the friends of truth will learn sense enough to cease persecuting it, there will soon be no old-fashioned Catholicism in the land.

One thing we would say with emphasis. Let us never encourage such men as Giustiniani, who, as full of the spirit of iniquity as an egg is of meat, are going about making a great bluster, but doing nothing beyond getting their own bread out of the credulity of Protestants, and giving advantage to the Catholics by their slanders and their lies. This same Giustiniani travels around professing to have brought about great secessions from the Catholics in New York, Buffalo, Rochester, and other places, whereas no such secessions ever occurred, as the citizens in all these cities know. Let us give no countenance to these doubtful, and thus dangerous, men. Let us adhere to the tried and true methods of preaching, praying, toiling, by tongue and pen, through the pulpit and the press, in our accustomed spheres, looking to God for his blessing in his own set time for favoring Zion.

The literary operations of the month can scarcely be set down in full.

The MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY for September is more than an average number for ability. Its contents are:

1. *The Methodology of Mesmerism.*
2. *The Poetry of Keats.*
3. *Prichard's Natural History of Man*—excellent.
4. *Prescott's Conquest of Mexico*—good.
5. *Angelus Silesius.*
6. *Recent Defenses of Slavery.*
7. *Ruskin's Seven Lamps of Architecture.*
8. *Short Reviews and Notices.*

REVEU DE DEUX MONDES for August, the leading Paris Review, contains ten papers, some of which are of sterling merit. The third will be specially interesting to American readers, in which the claims of our countryman, Mr. Morse, as the inventor of the electric telegraph, are clearly stated, if not confessed. The following are the contents:

1. *Les Polonais dans la Revolution Europeenne.*
2. *Le Salon de 1849.*
3. *Le Telegraphie Métrique et la Telegraphie Electrique en Amérique, en Angleterre, et en France.*
4. *L'Epoque Chrétienne depuis les Premiers Temps jusqu'à Klopstock.*
5. *Waterloo trent-quatre ans après la Bataille.*
6. *De la Maladie morale du XIX Siecle.*
7. *Histoire Politique.*
8. *De la Crise Industrielle sur les Chemins de Fer.*
9. *Reveux des Théâtres.*
10. *Bulletin Bibliographique.*

The METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW for October has not arrived; but we have seen the proof sheets of several of its articles. We can name the following:

1. *Noah Levings*, by Rev. D. W. Clark, is a very judicious and able review of that good man's character and life.
2. *Preparation for Christianity in the History of the World, a proof of its Divine Origin*, by Dr. Schaff, is a very able paper.
3. *Lamartine*, by Rev. A. Stevens, is a spirited article, full of fire and French. It gives a graphic portrait of Lamartine—a little flattered perhaps—from his youth to the present time. Unless the remainder of the number, which we have not seen, contains papers of very rare merit, this will be regarded, we imagine, as the *leader* for the month.

SILLIMAN'S JOURNAL for September has nine articles, but we have space only for the following passage, which we commend to those who admire perspicuity in writing: "P on o $116^{\circ} 20'$. P on z (a plane on the edge of P.L.) 151° . P on m 90° . o on o $126^{\circ} 7'$ o on o' $78^{\circ} 40'$ o on z $140^{\circ} 7'$ a on a $137^{\circ} 30'$." We invite the reader's special attention to the luminous interrogations.

LITERARY NOTICES.

TOUR IN AMERICA. By Rev. J. Dixon, D. D. New York: Lane and Scott. 1849.—Dr. Dixon's work, by some unaccountable delay, comes to hand just as we are going to press; and we have time only to sketch the book over, here and there, and that very rapidly. Several notices of the book have appeared in the newspapers, accompanied by liberal extracts; but the following passage, from the closing chapter of the Personal Narrative, is finer than any we have seen: "We crossed the St. Lawrence, and soon entered Lake Champlain. A portion of the waters of this lake belong to the British; as usual, just the fag-end, whilst the great body of the lake is owned by the States. The lines of demarcation are marked by a fort, of small dimensions or strength, which might easily be dismantled. This is, unquestionably, the finest lake I had seen. The scenery on its banks is perfectly enchanting; and, unlike Lakes Erie and Ontario, it commands a view of mountain scenery of the most majestic description. This lake is one hundred and thirty-two miles in length, and varies in breadth from the narrow channel above-mentioned to nine or ten miles. Many beautiful islands stud the waters, and have a fine effect. At the close of the day we approached a place called Plattsburg. The scene was the most beautifully romantic which nature can possibly present: a blue sky, deep, lofty, stretching its heavenly arch to span the landscape, the sun setting in all his gorgeous glory, the lake smooth as glass, except as disturbed by our motion, wild fowl fluttering about and enjoying the cool evening, the majestic mountains of Vermont looming in the distance, and all the intermediate space filled with cultivated fields and towering forests, and then the lonely little town of Plattsburg, touching the fringe of the lake, and presenting the most perfect aspect of rural peace and quiet on which the eye ever gazed. My manliness was here for the first time overcome; I longed and longed to get on shore, to fix my tent, and remain for ever. This sentiment was new; I had never before felt any remarkable desire to locate in any place I had seen; but here, for a moment, I was perfectly overcome. Other affections, of course, soon sprang up, and wasted my soul across the Atlantic, where treasures dearer than even these beauties had their dwelling. During this little paroxysm, delirium, or whatever it may be called, my kind companion, Dr. Richey, had retired to his cabin, so that one of my wants could not be relieved—a vent for exclamations of delight! This was just one of those moments which can never be forgotten, an Eden, a paradisiacal scene, into which none can enter with one, and which leaves its picture vividly penciled on the soul. But how soon things change, and in their reality fade away! We left this spot, passed on, the night closed in, the curtain dropped.

'So even now this hour had sped
In rapturous thought o'er me;
Feeling myself with nature wed,
A holy mystery!
A part of earth, a part of heaven,
A part, great God, of thee.'

MICHELL'S BIBLICAL AND SABBATH SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY, designed for instruction in Sabbath Schools and Bible Classes; comprising a Geographical Description of Palestine or the Holy Land, with the other regions mentioned in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament. Illustrated with [by] colored Maps and wood-cut Engravings. By S. Augustus Mitchell. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. Sold by Desilver & Co., Cincinnati. 1849.—There, reader, that is the longest title of a short book which we have ever transcribed in writing editorial notices; but the book itself, unlike the tediousness of its first page, is just the best work on the subject, which, thus far, has come into our possession. We have given the whole title, because it tells exactly what the author intended to accomplish in this volume; and that he has accomplished all he here lays out, we are well satisfied. The ample chronological table at the close of the work is worth twice the price of the work itself.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. New York. 1849.—This document is the ablest, it seems to us, of the entire series of missionary reports. There are a few parts, which

treat of the more important posts, in which we could have desired a little greater fullness of detail, and some others of less consequence in which the details given might have been, perhaps, somewhat retrenched. Upon the whole, however, it is a splendid document—splendid, because comprehensive, well-arranged, and everywhere to the point. Every Christian must rejoice that we have such able men at the head of our missionary work; and that the work itself, in their hands, is prospering on the right and left. The word of God is going through the length and breadth of the earth. It is destined, or, rather, sent to conquer the whole world; and it is gratifying to see our Israel doing what they do in the glorious cause of evangelizing mankind. We ought, however, to do tenfold more than we have yet done, both at home and abroad.

THE SPIRIT WORLD, a Poem; and Scenes from the Life of Christ. By Joseph H. Wythes, Philadelphia. 1849.—We know not how it happens that this volume has not come under our editorial notice before; but, by some means, it has escaped our eye till now. We are not a poet, as our readers all know; nor do we boast of much skill in criticising poetical works; but, from what we have seen and read of this volume, we are well pleased with it. The poetry is nowhere, we should think, of the highest order; but much of it is quite above mediocrity, while a few passages are really very fine.

A SERMON PREACHED ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF MRS. SARAH WILTON WHIPPLE. By Rev. Chauncy Richardson, A. M.—This discourse, by the accomplished editor of the Texas Wesleyan Banner, is a fine specimen of sermonizing, characterized by learning, good sense, clear views, and a superior style. The author opposes the old notion, recently modernized by some distinguished men, of a middle state, or of a long sleep in the grave, and advocates the doctrine of the Bible, that we go severally to our "own places" immediately after death. The sermon will be generally admired.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL HARMONIST: a Collection of Music and Hymns for the Use of Youth and Sunday Schools. New York: Lane & Scott. Cincinnati: Scoville & Power.—This is a small manual, the contents of which, in part, have appeared in the Sunday School Advocate, of which many of our readers have had a chance to judge; and the remainder, we are told, is about of the same general and excellent character. But, as we do not read music readily by the eye, and but poorly with an instrument, and as we have not heard many of the pieces of this little work performed, we shall be obliged to commit it to the public with the general remark, that, from the high reputation of its editor and publishers, we presume it to be exactly of the right stamp.

ANNUAL CIRCULAR OF THE OFFICERS AND PROFESSORS OF THE MEMPHIS INSTITUTE AT MEMPHIS, TENN. 1849-50.—This is a very recent institution. It has, we understand, three organized departments, embracing law, medicine, and commerce. The law school is under the Hon. E. W. King. The medical has a board of eight professors; namely, Drs. Z. Freeman, R. S. Newton, H. T. Hulse, W. B. Powell, J. King, and D. P. Still, with one vacant chair. The department of commerce has secured the services of James Rice, Esq., and H. C. Winans, Esq., and proposes to give a business education to its pupils. With several of the above-named gentlemen we have a personal acquaintance; and, though the Institute has not had time to make much stir in the world, we anticipate success from the abilities of those who have it in their hands.

CATALOGUE OF THE CORPORATION, FACULTY, AND STUDENTS OF THE OHIO CONFERENCE HIGH SCHOOL, SPRINGFIELD, O., FOR 1848-9.—This seminary is in a very prosperous state. Its success is guaranteed by the talents of its Principal, Rev. Solomon Howard, A. M., and his corps of excellent assistants, among whom are the names of Professors Dial and Harrison, with whose superior qualifications we are personally acquainted. The remaining teachers are highly spoken of; and the one recently added to the Faculty, Miss Vandewater, we can command, and that knowingly, in the highest terms.

THE INCARNATION. By Rev. Charles Beecher. Harper & Brothers. 1849.—This is a poem in prose, graphic, beautiful, and as true to history as to art.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ANOTHER month, gentle readers, has rolled around; and it finds us all, we trust, enjoying health of body, progressing in mental acquisitions, and rejoicing in those spiritual blessings so necessary to the welfare of the moral and immortal part.

November, with his loud winds, and heavy rains, and chilling cold, has come. The grass is no longer green. The leaves have fallen from the trees. The birds, frightened by a few nights of frost, have gone to spend their winter in a warmer clime. The little brook itself, that has discoursed such sweet ripple-music to us through the better of the year, is choked, every second or third morning, with frost-bound banks. We sit, at evening, and in the morning, and through the greater part of the day, when not otherwise employed, by the warm winter fire. Now, reader, as the season for reading, and study, and personal improvement has arrived, let us not cheat ourselves, by following useless pleasures, or by idleness of any kind, of those substantial and lasting blessings which the opportunity affords.

Every family, every individual, at the opening of the long winter season, should look out for a good store of books. Though they cost money, they are worth more than they cost, by many fold, to every person who has the time to read. Often, since we became a reader, have we found in a book, costing but a few shillings, what we would not have parted with for as many pounds of gold. A single fact, which we obtain by perusing a periodical, or the sentiment of some one article, or a new view of an old topic, thrown out upon a solitary page, is frequently of such a character as to repay us in our business, in our mental happiness, or in our spiritual progress, for all the literary expenses of a year. If a man, who has an income of but a few hundred dollars, will devote a twentieth part of it to good reading, he will be the richer, the wiser, the happier for it to the end of his life. That man has no conception of the extent to which he robs himself, who, with all the rich furniture of books about him, fails to supply himself with useful reading, spending his precious hours—hours never to be recalled—in frivolous pursuits. For ourself, we can say from the bottom of our heart, that, excepting the consolations of hope, we derive more profit, more real pleasure, more sound enjoyment, from reading books, than from all other sources in the world besides. We would not sell our love of reading, nor part with the interminable feast it gives us, for the golden sands of California, and the yellow rocks of Peru. The money we have spent for books—and it would buy all the land we want—has gone freer than any other from our hand. Believe us, reader, lay in a larger store of reading than usual for the coming winter, devote its evenings to the pages you may buy, and you will pass the most satisfactory winter you ever knew.

First of all, we would recommend a good assortment of religious books; but you must not purchase every volume professedly devoted to religion. There are some, which, with a good share of reputation, would freeze a man stiff with intellectual cold. Others are so dry, that, to read one of them, would be a penalty rather than a boon. Our rule is to get those known to have been written by the very first of the great religious teachers of mankind.

Next to religious reading, we would recommend history. If a man wishes to read a full course of history, let him begin with Rollin, then take Gibbon's Decline and Fall of Rome, then Russell's Modern Europe, then Bancroft's United States. These will put him on the great highway of history. The road can be traveled over again by perusing those works which have been written on the leading countries of the globe, such as Mitford's Greece, Niebur's Rome, Robertson's Charles V, Hume's and Macaulay's England, and others of the same class. Ecclesiastical history will be found pretty fully given in Mosheim's Ante-Nicene History, his General Church History, and in those works written in continuation of these in more recent times.

Next to history, polite literature, in its widest range, seems to us most useful, as well as most interesting, to an elevated mind. All belles-lettres productions, if pure and moral, exert a peculiarly refining influence upon the soul. No power of the mind is of more importance to us than the imagination; and

nothing of an educational character does so much toward the improvement of this faculty, as the perusal of good books, written in a beautiful, chaste, captivating style. Poetry here finds its place; and the muse of numbers has furnished even the English reader with productions of the most exalted kind. The Paradise Lost of Milton alone, if read once a day regularly, would almost make a revolution in the taste of any reader in a very few years; and yet, in addition to Milton, what a galaxy of stars England and America have given us to adorn this department of our intellectual pursuits!

Nor can any person, who wishes to sustain the character of a well-bred gentleman or lady, greatly neglect the current ornamental literature of the day. This is found in the periodicals, for ladies and gentlemen, which are published in the leading literary countries of the world. Some one or more of the whole number should be consulted by every individual pretending to hold a place among the politer and more polished people of the day. This, in truth, is becoming a prevailing practice; for we can scarcely go anywhere without meeting with these productions on the shelves, or tables, of those families, which, with the useful, propose to combine the agreeable qualities of human life. In this line, also, there is a very large supply of political, educational, philosophical, scientific, literary, religious, and miscellaneous journals, in all the modern dialects of the civilized world, out of which a judicious selection can be made; but, though each person will have his own taste in this selection, and should have it, we hope the favored list of every family will include the *Ladies' Repository*, which we intend to make more and more worthy of regard. And we may as well now say, seeing we have fallen unexpectedly upon the subject, that, for the next volume, the Publishers and Editor have made provision, in the way of both matter and manner, far superior to any thing we have ever done before. We hope our patrons will use their personal influence in our behalf in swelling our list of subscribers; for we intend to go on, adding one improvement after another to our work, till we make it, in all respects, at least equal to any magazine of its class. We shall go as much beyond this mark as possible; and our progress will be the more rapid, as we get greater encouragement from our friends.

But we do not propose an essay on reading at this time. These are only general hints. Our readers will receive them as such; but we still urge upon all the duty of spending much of their spare time in the perusal of good books.

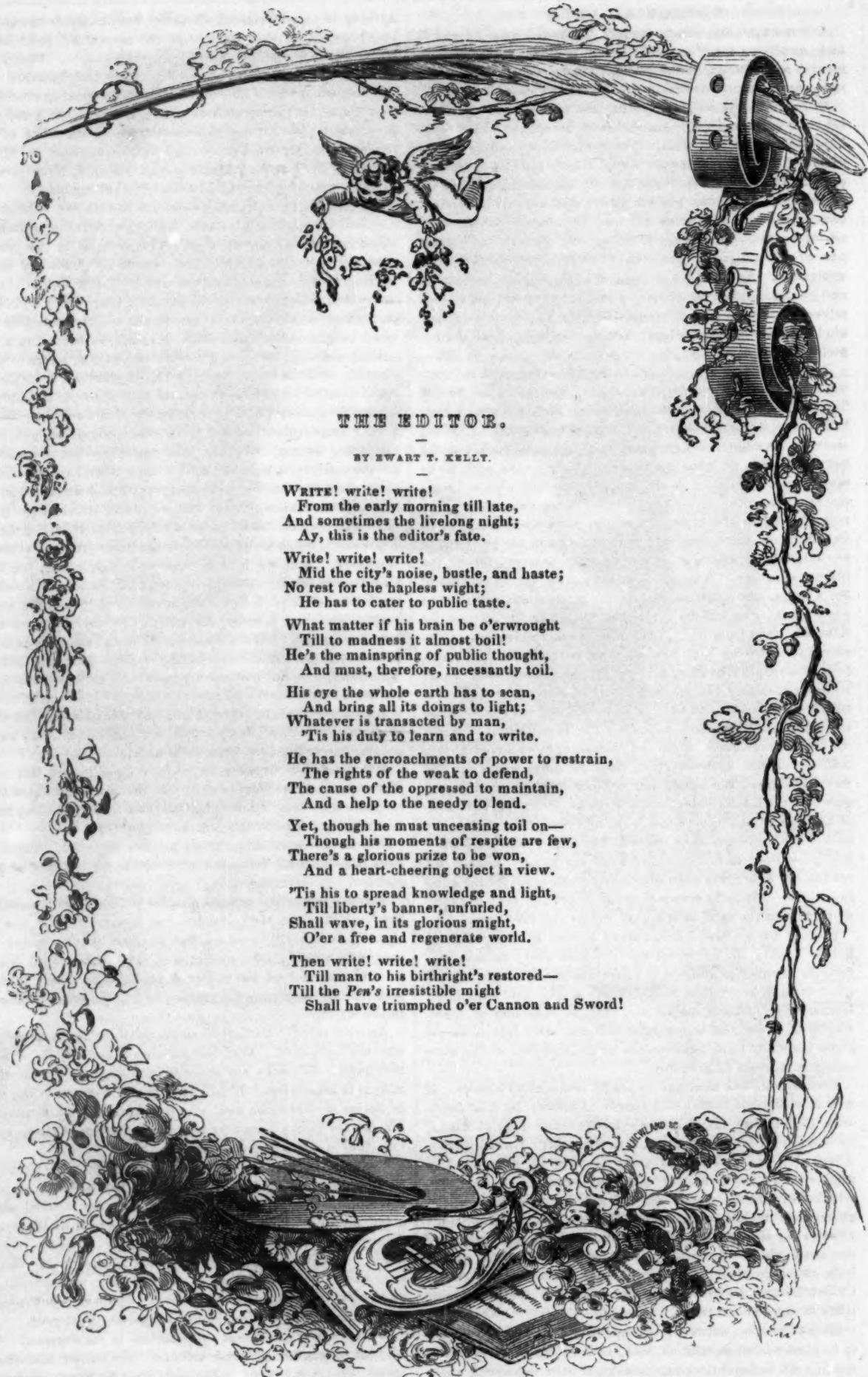
We have several anonymous articles on hand. These we cannot publish till furnished with the proper names of their authors.

Writers should not depend on our sending them numbers of the work in which their articles may appear. The editor has nothing to do with sending the numbers to any body; and though he would gladly, at all times, accommodate his friends in this respect, yet he wishes it to be understood, that, in recollecting these little particulars, he has the poorest memory in the world.

Another thing. Our writers ought not to ask us to return articles not published. They should always keep copies of what they send. We have not space to give reasons; but the thing is next to impossible. If they will think a moment of the mass of duties devolving on him, who not only edits the Repository but all the books issued by two steam-presses running every day, they will see reasons enough.

Thus far, reader, this page was written yesterday, October 2. This morning, October 3, is one of the loveliest mornings of this whole year. Last night we attended the musical soiree given by Mr. and Mrs. Werner for the benefit of those who were made orphans by the late pestilence. It was a splendid affair. Mr. Werner is, by far, the best pianist in the Mississippi valley, if not in America; and his lady, who was his pupil in early life, is second only to him. Some of Mr. Werner's best music will adorn the *Ladies' Repository* next year.

We have many excellent contributions in our drawers. The poetical outnumber the prose articles. We get but few critical pieces, though it cannot be supposed that we have, among our correspondents, no good critics. Give us, friends, some spirited reviews of the good and great one's of earth.



THE EDITOR.

BY EWART T. KELLY.

WRITE! write! write!
From the early morning till late,
And sometimes the livelong night;
Ay, this is the editor's fate.

Write! write! write!
Mid the city's noise, bustle, and haste;
No rest for the hapless wight;
He has to cater to public taste.

What matter if his brain be o'erwrought
Till to madness it almost boil!
He's the mainspring of public thought,
And must, therefore, incessantly toil.

His eye the whole earth has to scan,
And bring all its doings to light;
Whatever is transacted by man,
'Tis his duty to learn and to write.

He has the encroachments of power to restrain,
The rights of the weak to defend,
The cause of the oppressed to maintain,
And a help to the needy to lend.

Yet, though he must unceasing toil on—
Though his moments of respite are few,
There's a glorious prize to be won,
And a heart-cheering object in view.

'Tis his to spread knowledge and light,
Till liberty's banner, unfurled,
Shall wave, in its glorious might,
O'er a free and regenerate world.

Then write! write! write!
Till man to his birthright's restored—
Till the Pen's irresistible might
Shall have triumphed o'er Cannon and Sword!

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Beauty's Bath?

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.